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SEPTEMBER 1, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 9

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

"Whether the place is Afghanistan, El Salvador, Zimbabwe or the Great Wall of China," says World Senior Editor John Elson, "there are staff people here in New York with special background, training and knowledge on just about any subject that can come up, who can be called on to give a story extra depth and insight."

Two such people are Reporter-Researchers Ursula Nadasdy de Gallo and John Kohan. This week their cover subject was Poland, where the remarkable spectacle of a Communist government negotiating with its own workers was unfolding.

Gallo has been World's senior researcher since 1973. She came to the U.S. from Hungary as an eighth-grader in 1957, but she still speaks Hungarian and follows events in Eastern Europe avidly. "Having lived through the Hungarian revolution," she says, "and handled our stories on the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, I've naturally been haunted by this situation, its parallels with the past, as well as its differences." For the cover she culled through stacks of files in TIME's library, helping to round out the story's political and historical background. Kohan normally covers Religion for TIME. But he speaks Polish (and Russian) and has visited both countries three times in the past five years. For a month in 1979 he studied Polish language and culture at Jagiellonian University in Cracow. This year he spent five weeks reporting from Moscow for our special edition on the Soviet Union. For this week's story Kohan worked his Polish contacts in the U.S., including some who are in touch with members of the Polish opposition, and combed his own personal files for pertinent facts, anecdotes and conversations. Kohan's notebooks provided a good deal of the material for our box on the frustrating life of an average Polish worker. The main cover story was written by Thomas A. Sancton. A Rhodes scholar, Sancton lived and worked in Europe for several years before joining TIME as a staff writer.

ANTONIO SUAREZ

John Kohan and Ursula de Gallo

Says Gallo: "Even after all this time, doing news covers still amazes me. So many people pulling together. The adrenaline gets going. You almost don't get tired."

John a. Meyer

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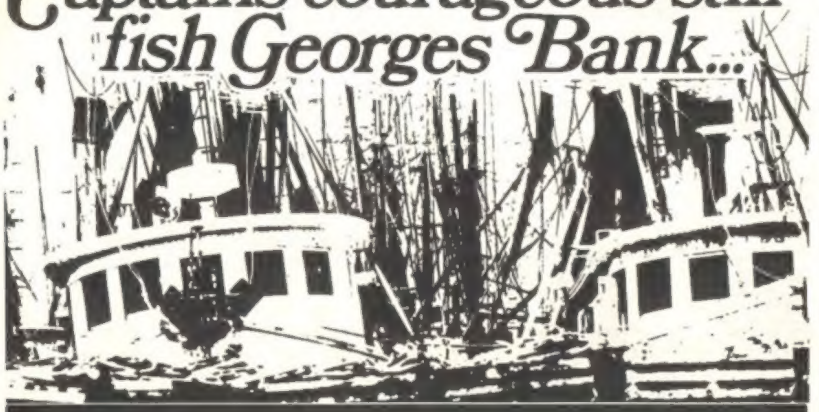

In 1976 Geoffrey Moorhouse immersed himself in the lives of the fishermen and their families in a small New England fishing village. For a year he worked as a deckhand aboard the boats that fish 200 miles off the coast, shared the crewmember's home life as well as their dangers and rough comradeship at sea. Out of his experiences he has drawn "a superb documentary...a vivid portrait of a fishing village and those who earn their living from the sea." —*Publishers Weekly*

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Letters

Dallas Mania

To the Editors:

After a brutal heat wave, Billygate, Iran and other insanities, there is nothing so refreshing as a tad of honest lust, greed, incest and vicious moneygrubbing à la *Dallas* [Aug. 11]. J.R. Ewing has restored my faith in escapist TV.

Julie Taylor
Webster Groves, Mo.

Like it or not, *Dallas* provides a panorama of today's America: the good, the bad and the ugly.

Richard C. Migliaccio
Oklahoma City

J.R. is no villain, he's a romantic hero. And Larry Hagman is the new Clark Gable, with that same mixture of sex, charm and cruelty, the same devilish grin—and the same sweeping broad-brimmed hat.

Jacquelyn Friedlander
Port Chester, N.Y.

Who shot J.R.? Vaughn Leland, the only one with enough motive and guts to try. J.R. will be fine though. And after he gets revenge, it's J.R. for President.

Tom Dwyer
San Mateo, Calif.

I hope it was Kristin Shepard who shot J.R. because I placed a bet on her: $675 plus one of my Krugerrands. I feel like J.R. himself, and I love it.

Stephen Schlager
Elm Grove, Wis.

Whodunit? Who cares?

Tony Vanaria
New York City

That millions of Americans can be mesmerized by such trivia as *Dallas* only proves that the average American seeks excitement by means of the tube, rather than by making an effort to raise his life out of the rut of bland mediocrity.

Tom Hart
Port Monmouth, N.J.

He Made Us Laugh

Peter Sellers is dead [Aug. 4], but his unique creations—Dr. Strangelove, Inspector Clouseau, Chance the gardener—will live on. Generations not yet born will hail Sellers as a comic genius in the tradition of Chaplin, Keaton and Lloyd. Sellers made us laugh. What better epitaph can a man have?

Larry Bauer
Cleveland

A Shake of the Fist

So the Israeli Knesset needed to shake its fist at the rest of the world in defiance and to fulfill some of its "nationalist needs" [Aug. 11]. Are the Jewish vote and money so important that Mr. Carter has chosen to sit idly by while the Israelis irresponsibly deteriorate the Camp David peace process?

John J. Lawton Jr.
Albany

I fail to see why making all of Jerusalem the capital of Israel is a pointless, provocative and defiant act. After all, Jerusalem was possessed by the Jews in biblical times, and it holds the remnants of the Temple, the most sacred object in Judaism.

Besides, with much of the United Nations voting that the Israelis should give away land that is rightfully theirs, it is not surprising that the Knesset would show Israel's citizens that it will not yield to world pressure.

Craig Coopersmith
Livingston, N.J.

The Madness of MAD

Your story "The Great Nuclear Debate" [July 21] reports that America's European allies doubt our ability to guarantee their independence. That they feel this way should be no surprise.

Our strategy of Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD) insists that nuclear weapons have no utility in the operation of policy. Their only use, say the MADmen, is to hold up our end of a suicide pact with the U.S.S.R. This doctrine can't assure survival because survival is not its objective.

By contrast, the Soviets have made their choice. They use their arsenal to ensure ultimate victory and the survival of their system in any confrontation, and the Europeans know this.

Newt Gingrich, Representative
Sixth District, Georgia
Washington, D.C.

Counting *vs.* Feeding

Did we really need a three-year, 13-agency, 800-page report from the President's Council on Environmental Quality [Aug. 4] to tell us that the number of malnourished will more than double by the year 2000? When will we pause from our counting and reporting on the hungry long enough to start feeding them?

Robert Lesser
North Wales, Pa.

I couldn't agree more with the report on environmental quality, particularly its prediction of wide-scale troubles unless conservation measures are promptly taken seriously. Looking to November, I find it hard to believe that one major political party has denounced the 55-m.p.h. limit, and the other party has been working at a snail's pace on conservation policy. Still, a snail is better than a backward elephant.

Dan Bump
Gresham, Ore.

Ex-Yippie Capitalist

We can continue to take ex-Yippie Jerry Rubin with a grain of salt [Aug. 11]. His slogan of the '60s, "Never trust anyone over 30," still holds. Because Mr. Rubin has reached that ripe old age we can almost understand his transformation into a greedy capitalist.

Craig Possee
Belchertown, Mass.

Moving a Mountain

Many people in the state of Washington would undoubtedly be happy to palm off Mount St. Helens on someone else [Aug. 11]. However, our mean-tempered volcano has not yet propelled itself across the Columbia River into Oregon.

Earl Clark
Port Angeles, Wash.

A Hostage's Thank You

I am writing this letter to your magazine so that it can be read by the largest number of people possible. My fellow Americans and I have for the past eight months been held hostage here in Tehran, and as a result of this our morale becomes quite low at times. One of the reasons for an uplift of that morale is mail sent to us by family and friends. But what continually amazes me is the mail sent to us not only from my country but from people all over the world, whom I've never met, wishing us good luck and a speedy return to our family and friends. It is to these very kind and generous people I direct this letter. From myself and my fellow hostages, please accept our deepest thanks for taking the time to show your concern for us in this most trying situation. I hope that you will all continue to write in the future.

Donald R. Hohman
American Embassy
Tehran

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

American Scene

In New Hampshire: Chewing on Granite

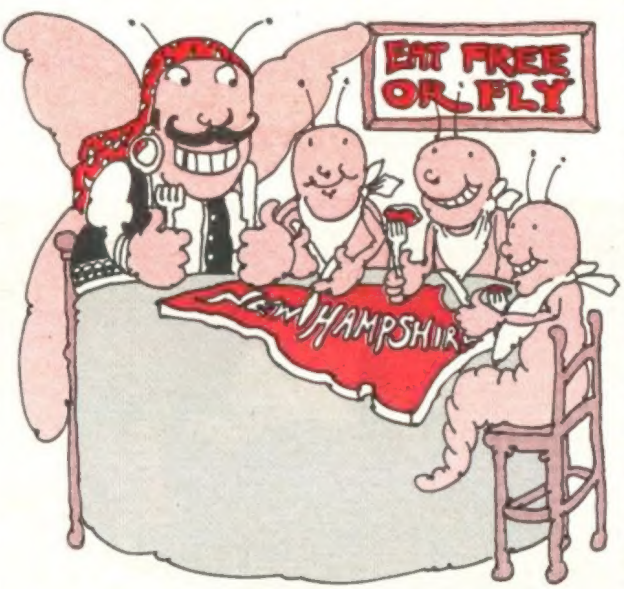
This has been a summer of some discontent in New Hampshire, and it is not hard to see why. The sun is shining, a gentle breeze is blowing from the west, and the temperature is 84°. The lake is not far away. Blissful, you may murmur, if the gentle breeze and the lapping of the lake let you get a murmur in edgewise. But the New Hampshireman is not at ease with bliss. He knows that there is a catch to it. Finding and cherishing catches is a matter with which he is entirely at ease.

First, there is the hard truth that winter is nearly upon us. What's left of summer? A scrap of September. Good weather of a crisp and forbidding sort may continue through the first couple of weeks of October. That's it; *finito*. No point in getting comfortable. The New Hampshireman admires winter for its length and awfulness, and for the way in which it bears out his view of the world, but he does not look forward to it. Not looking forward to winter is his philosophy. But that is too simple. A flatlander who finds one of us sunk in gloom at the beginning of July, fossilized by dread of winter, may think that he has understood the New Hampshire soul. This is not likely. What the tourist is almost certain to miss is that the New Hampshireman may not be wrestling with the prospect of the winter immediately ahead. "Aye-yuh," the foresighted backwoodsman is thinking, "summah's about petered out, and then we got six-seven months uh wintah, guess we'll make it, just barely, and then after the black flies, we got summah again for a couple uh weeks, and then, damn sure, we got wintah, and I don't know if I'm up to it." A New Hampshire pessimist in good summer form can fret about blizzards three or four years away.

Winter, however, is not the only grave matter that the New Hampshireman finds to brood about in the gentle weeks that follow the summer solstice. True, the presidential campaign is not a matter for concern. We did our best in the New Hampshire primary to warn the nation of the perils that lay ahead, by picking Carter and Reagan. If the nation went ahead and picked Carter and Reagan anyway, despite our effort to sound the alarm, that is no business of ours.

The same cannot be said of the caterpillars. New Hampshire has been eaten by caterpillars, most of them the larval form of the gypsy moth. Properly, these caterpillars, bristly brown and yellow chaps with red and blue spots, belong down south in Massachusetts, where for some years they have chewed the leaves from increasingly large patches of woodland. Reports of this munching have been received with equanimity in New Hampshire, whose yeomen tend to take the view that something is always chewing on Massachusetts. If there is anything left to chew there after crooked paving contractors and easy-had tax assessors have put down their napkins, the New Hampshireman is perfectly willing to leave it to adolescent moths.

For New Hampshire to be ingested is quite another matter. If the Granite State is edible, it is a poor sort of granite. Less-favored areas of the nation have mudslides, floods, strip mining, droughts, marching armies of real estate agents with compound eyes and side-mounted mandibles and, yesbygod, a volcano. (Mount St. Helens ash in the air caused the June frost here, sure as raccoons eat sweet corn, and never mind that we have June frost 18 years in 20.)



Now the caterpillars have come north of Peterborough and east of Keene. What they eat is the leaves of hardwood trees. Foresters say that a sturdy tree can be defoliated three years in a row without losing its poise, so the grumbling heard here thus far is not of board feet lost to lumbermen. It is of seemliness outraged. The damned bugs belong down in Lowell or Peabody, or out on the Cape eating clam rolls. LIVE FREE OR DIE, as our pugnacious license plate motto recommends, but if you are a gypsy moth, do it some place else.

High in our maple, oak and beech trees, however, their chewing at midsummer is loud enough to be audible. The noise sounds so much like soft wind that it is soothing. Billions of minute, odorless brown particles of caterpillar scat fall as a result, and the ears of a listener are tricked into informing his brain that a very light rain is pattering down. So far, the tourists have not seemed to understand what is happening, and are well pleased with the sound of very light rain on rainless days.

This is not to say the plague of caterpillars is all that concerns us. Such traditional summer amusements as malicious zucchini giving and sanctimonious woodpiling are still practiced. The zucchini jest depends on the pretense that these monstrous garden tumors are edible and on the certain knowledge that in a New Hampshire family, what has been cooked as food, however pulpy and woeful, must be eaten. Woodpiling is a form of boastfulness left over from colonial times, and it consists of erecting in plain sight an unnecessarily large and stately pile of cordwood, with plumb sides and flashy square corners. Such a fortress wrests envy, respect and despair, as it is intended to, from all New Hampshire males and a good many homesteading females who have not yet bucked, split and stacked their own supply of wood for the winter. In my town, for instance, there is a meadow in which stand, drying nobly, seven two-cord stacks of firewood. Clearly the fabricator of these splendid piles will be warm not only through the winter ahead, which all agree will be unusually cold, but even through the dark and dread winter of the year after next.

Yet not all of his awesome boast is on view. Part of its subtlety depends on the fact that everyone in town knows the man who began and finished these piles. He is 79 years old. His reason for stacking the wood in his meadow, he says, is that he has stacked so much wood in his barn already that there isn't room for more. His real reason is to set an example for the rest of us, as an elder of the tribe should do. I am inclined to believe that his tribe will persist, despite the caterpillars that now beset it. —*By John Skow*

Drawing for TIME by Kimble Mead

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Campamento del Río (River Camp), where 750 Cubans are encamped in Army squad tents under elevated Interstate 95

GREENWOOD—GAMMA/LIAISON

Nation

TIME/SEPTEMBER 1, 1980

The Welcome Wears Thin

Homeless and jobless, many Cuban refugees are getting restless

Still they come, although no longer are the arrivals welcomed to the U.S. with "open heart and open arms," in Jimmy Carter's memorable phrase of May. Even so, Cubans continue to set sail from their homeland and arrive on the shores of Florida. Some 185 disembarked at Key West on a single day last week.

Still they come, despite a dismaying fact: the passage of time has not helped the U.S. to absorb the 120,000 Cuban refugees who have poured in since April. The problem endures stubbornly, disrupting life in Miami and southern Florida in particular, posing special difficulties of assimilation that have baffled and enraged local, state and federal officials.

Jobless and homeless in a strange country, some of the disillusioned Cuban refugees not only talk of wanting to go back home, a few have been driven to desperate measures. Two weeks ago, Cubans seized six airliners, three on Aug. 16 alone, and forced the pilots to fly to Havana; the skyjackings set records for the most in one week and the most in a single day. Stern security measures, augmented by reports that Fidel Castro has thrown the successful skyjackers into Cuban jails, appeared to be taking effect, however: there were no new skyjackings last week.

If anything, the basic problem of handling the Cuban refugees was getting worse. In Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa., one of four camps where Cubans are held until sponsors can be found to give them homes, 1,000 troopers of the 82nd Airborne Division stood guard over 4,000 Cubans last week to prevent a repetition of the Aug. 5 riot in which 16 camp officials and 42 Cubans were injured, one fatally. In Fort McCoy, Wis., homosexual attacks and knife fights have broken out among the 5,300 Cubans housed in the camp; many are refugees under 18 who face continued idleness in what they view as a prison unless good Samaritans can be found who will assume legal guardianship as foster parents.

Nowhere, however, do the tensions and torments equal those in southern Florida, especially Dade County and its central city, Miami. More than half the Cuban refugees have been encamped there, joined by the vast majority of 30,000 black Haitians fleeing extreme poverty and the political repression of Jean-Claude ("Baby Doc") Duvalier. Thus Dade County confronts a challenge distinctive in American history: absorbing about 100,000 new residents, roughly equal to the population of Roanoke, Va., who for the most part are poor, unskilled, and unversed in the language of their new country, and doing it in just four months.

Superficially, the Miami area might seem to be the best place for Cubans to settle. Some 500,000 Cubans began arriving there shortly after Castro took over Cuba in 1959, and today Hispanics constitute 38% of Dade County's 1.6 million population. The early arrivals managed to get along with the area's non-Latin whites (47%) and blacks (15%); indeed, the Cubans' energies helped to transform Miami from a stagnating tourist town into a vibrant trade and financial center. And the Cuban advance guard created a cosmopolitan atmosphere in which the new arrivals can feel culturally at home: in Miami's Little Havana, Spanish is the predominant language, and at almost every corner there is a stand selling the dark, strong *café cubano*.

But there are important differences between the old and new refugees. Besides the fact that the earlier arrivals drifted in over a period of 20 years, giving the community time to assimilate them, many

Tent-city: jobless immigrants while away time at dominoes

Collecting aid money from passing motorists

Making do with an improvised laundry line

Boredom at Indiantown Gap

were middle- or even upper-class Cubans who arrived with some money and marketable craft or professional skills, and they came in family groups. The new refugees are predominantly penniless workers. A disproportionate number are single young men who grew up under a Communist system and have no idea of what life in a capitalist democracy is like. Though the established Cubans have been generous with donations of food, clothing and money, and have taken refugees into their homes, many are as apprehensive as their Anglo and black neighbors about the newcomers. Says Insurance Executive Leslie Pantin: "The undesirables are hurting the Cuban image of respectability."

The greatest problem is that the sheer numbers of new refugees have simply overwhelmed community facilities. Says Metro Dade County Commissioner William Oliver: "We're at the crisis level now." Examples

Housing. There is very little for the refugees: the vacancy rate in Dade County rental houses and apartments is a mere 1%, and the county has received no federal public housing money in 14 years. Though Washington claims that 85% of the Cuban boat people have been placed with sponsors, many are stacked in crowded matchbox dwellings in Little Havana with distant relatives who have agreed reluctantly to let them stay for a while. Some 750 Cubans live in Campamento del Rio (River Camp), a group of Army squad tents nestled under the elevated highway Interstate 95. People wash at spigots; laundry flutters from wire fences; young, bare-chested men wander morosely among the tents. An ominous new note: the residents of the tent city include not only refugees who have been unable to find a home but some who lived with sponsors for a while and then were turned out onto the streets because their benefactors decided they no longer wanted to keep them

Jobs. By one estimate, five of every six new refugees have failed to find employment. Says Lucas Perez, 32, a welder who came to the U.S. a month ago: "I've gone through two pairs of shoes looking for work. There is none." Adds Hilda Lisa, 29, watching over two children in the tent city, while her husband looks for work as an electrician: "We had been dreaming of getting out of Cuba for years And now we are here—no jobs, no housing, nothing to do."

Crime. In the first six months of 1980, crimes of all kinds in Dade County rose more than 20% over the previous year, compared with a statewide increase in crime of less than 15%. In normally placid Miami Beach, rapes, homicides, robberies and burglaries have risen almost 30% There have been assaults by new refugees on each other, on whites, on blacks, and attacks by local toughs on the new immigrants. But most of the increase in crime in Dade County seems to stem from attacks by new refugees on established Cuban residents

Schools. "No school system in the history of American education has had to absorb such a sizable non-English-speaking group in such a short time," says Paul W Bell, associate superintendent of Dade County schools. Some 13,000 new Cuban and Creole-speaking Haitian pupils—"a greater student population than in most school districts in the U.S.," as Bell notes —will begin classes in Dade County in September. The cost is staggering in a school district that had anticipated a $24 million deficit even without the influx of the new refugees

White Flight. Though statistics do not exist, real estate agents agree that many white residents of Dade County are leaving for other parts of Florida, other areas of the South—anywhere. Dudley Hodges, 27, is planning to move to Palm Beach County, even though he will have to commute 65 miles one way to his job with the Hialeah fire department. His wife Christine fears that if they stay in Dade County the education of their two small children will suffer because of "the special attention given in the schools to those who don't speak English." Last week Jack Present quit his $30,000-a-year job as city manager of South Miami to accept a post as a job-safety supervisor for Boca Raton, though it pays $10,000 less. His explanation: "This refugee problem is out of hand. I don't feel safe on the streets here any more."

Backlash. Dade County's blacks fear that Cuban and Haitian refugees will crowd them out of jobs. That resentment helped touch off the riots that rocked Miami in May, killing 18 and causing $100 million worth of damage, although there were no documented attacks against the new Cuban refugees. Says Dade County Commissioner Oliver: "The refugee influx is intensifying pressures at the bottom of the ladder." But the blacks have plenty of company among whites. A group calling itself Citizens of Dade United is collecting signatures on a petition to repeal a 1973 law that made Dade a bilingual county and to deny public funding for "utilizing any other language than English, or pro-

moting any culture other than that of the United States." Says Petition Leader Marion Plunske, a North Miami accountant: "Wouldn't it be nice to live in America? We're living in a foreign country. We're living in North Cuba."

Whatever they may think of the new refugees, Miamians—white, black and Hispanic—react with one emotion to mention of the word Washington: sheer fury. The Federal Government, they charge, has let them be swamped by a human tidal wave and has given them totally inadequate help to cope with it. Though Washington is committed to picking up the cost of housing and feeding the Cubans in the tent city, Dade County is still trying to collect $1.4 million that it spent to harbor refugees in the first days of the boatlift. Even Uncle Sam's own employees rage against their superiors. Three members of a State Department refugee task force in Miami quit three weeks ago in protest against what they considered Washington's indifference to the refugees. Task Force Director Paul C. Bell charged that he was "hitting my head against a stone wall" trying to get action to ease the Cubans' plight.

Paul Lane, a State Department spokesman in Washington, replies that help is now on the way. Indeed, last week the Government offered $6.8 million to community health centers in Miami and promised $10 million to Miami-area schools. Cynical residents of Dade County reply that they will believe it when they actually get the money.

More federal cash immediately certainly would help. But it would not cure the refugee problem: in both Miami and Washington, officials acknowledge that south Florida simply cannot take in any more refugees, if, indeed, it has not already passed the limit it can accommodate.

Besides trying ineffectively to shut off the flow of refugees with a blockade, Washington asked Castro for the fifth time last week to discuss procedures for returning to Cuba in an orderly way any refugees who want to go back. At week's end Castro finally replied no. In any case, the number who want to return seems small. For example, some 70 Cubans in Miami's tent city have signed a petition asking to be allowed to go back, but seven times that many new refugees land at Key West each week.

The only long-range solution, says State Department Spokesman Lane, is to find sponsors for many of the Cubans in other areas—New Jersey, for example, which already has a large Cuban population, or California—where their numbers will not swamp communities. There is no time to lose. As boats continue to land anxious and penniless refugees on Florida's coast, the troubles are growing, day by day. *—By George J. Church. Reported by Richard Woodbury/Miami*

The Senator welcoming the President to Boston while Governor Ed King applauds

Dueling over Defense

Carter and Reagan argue about who favors a stronger military

"We have strengthened every element of our strategic deterrent . . . no potential enemy of the U.S. should anticipate for one moment a successful use of military power against our vital interests."

—President Carter

"Every single analysis of which I am aware directly contradicts this Administration's smug assertion that the U.S. is and will remain militarily superior, or at least 'second to none.' We are already second to one."

—Ronald Reagan

Scarcely pausing for the customary post-convention breather, the presidential candidates clashed last week over what could become a major issue of the campaign: national defense. The man who can convince the American public that he is right may well be the winner in what is already looking like a photo-finish horse race. The attention generated by the Democratic Convention collapsed Reagan's commanding lead in the polls *(see chart)*.

Looking as earnest as recruits entering boot camp, Carter and Reagan, as well as Independent John Anderson, pledged to work for the strongest possible national defense in their speeches to the annual American Legion convention in Boston last week.

Reagan berated the Carter Administration for deserting the defense policies of "Harry Truman, John Kennedy and many contemporary leaders of the Democratic Party." He quoted President Kennedy to the effect that only by being No. 1 can the U.S. "stop the next war before it starts." Though Reagan was the clear favorite of the Legionnaires, they had no real complaint with any of the candidates.

Reagan responding to cheers at the American Legion convention

A triumph with the veterans and the evangelicals, but thunder out of China.

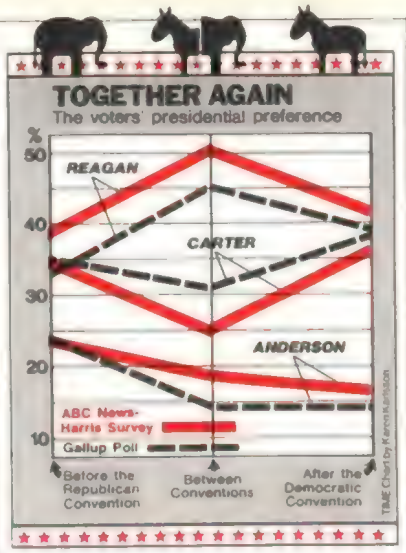
Said one member: "They told us what we want to hear."

The next day, after being referred to by House Speaker Tip O'Neill as "Jimmy Roosev ... er ... Jimmy Carter," the President warned that security cannot be attained by "nostalgic or wishful thinking or by bravado." He got a big hand when he pledged: "If a nuclear arms race should be forced upon us, we will compete and compete successfully."

The speeches heated up the debate between Carter and Reagan over which party is responsible for the U.S.'s falling behind the Soviets in defense spending. Carter claims that defense expenditures were reduced 35% during the Nixon and Ford Administrations. That is basically correct, since outlays dropped dramatically as the Viet Nam War ended. But Republican White House budget requests were trimmed still further by the Democratic Congress.

Carter is also accurate when he contends that he has boosted defense spending 4% a year in real terms since he took office. But he skims over the fact that he campaigned vigorously in 1976 to trim the Pentagon budget, and early in his Administration boasted of cutting some $7 billion from the defense spending urged by Ford in his last year in office. As Reagan charges, Carter canceled such key weapons programs as the B-1 bomber and the neutron warhead. In rebuttal, Carter claims that the B-1 was obsolete and that his Administration is considering developing a more effective manned bomber.

Such a bomber would presumably use a new technology, characterized last week by Defense Secretary Harold Brown as "a major advance of great military significance." Brown said the development would greatly help aircraft avoid being detected by radar or heat-sensing devices.



The Pentagon's rubric for the new techniques: "Stealth."

Reagan drew headlines on two other issues. At the Los Angeles airport, where Vice Presidential Candidate George Bush and Foreign Policy Adviser Richard Allen were departing for the Far East, Reagan remarked that while he wanted to improve relations with China, he also favored some "official relationship" with Taiwan. That particular phrasing set off alarm bells in China as well as the American foreign policy establishment. Part of the U.S. agreement with China is that no official relations will be maintained with Taiwan. There is only a "private" U.S. office in Taiwan, a polite fiction that nevertheless satisfies the mainland Chinese.

In his meeting with Chinese leaders, Bush said a Republican Administration would not restore an official relationship with Taiwan. As a former U.S. envoy to China, Bush was politely if coolly received, but Peking later blasted Reagan for "turning the clock back by reviving the extinct 'two Chinas' proposition." Meanwhile, Reagan clung to his earlier statement about favoring official relations with Taiwan. Asked whether he would revive the mutual defense pact with Taiwan, he hedged: "That is one of the things I would rather answer after George gets back." While using Bush's absence as an excuse to waffle, Reagan seemed embarrassed and perplexed over his Taiwan policy snafu. He himself brought up the "official relationship" formulation on May 17, but has been unable to explain it satisfactorily after three months.

Reagan was also invited last week to address the Chicago convention of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, which had endorsed his election—the first time in its 67-year history that the V.F.W. has supported a presidential candidate. During a speech in which he emphasized the importance of negotiating arms reductions through strength, Reagan cited the need for the U.S. to recover from its "Viet Nam syndrome" and to realize that the war was "in truth, a noble cause. We dishonor the memory of 50,000 young Americans who died in that cause when we give way to feelings of guilt as if we were doing something shameful." Reagan declared that the U.S. should "never again ask young men to fight and possibly die in a war our Government is afraid to win."

So deep are the public wounds from Viet Nam that even some of Reagan's advisers questioned the wisdom of reopening them and possibly driving away independents and moderates he needs to win. Sensitive to the political hazards, Illinois

They've Got a Little List

On a shelf in Carter-Mondale headquarters in Washington rest 25 thick black loose-leaf binders. They are crammed with ammunition for the Democrats' effort to make Ronald Reagan the chief issue of the presidential election campaign—thousands of past Reagan comments that Carter's strategists consider to be insensitive, silly, simplistic or just plain dumb. Following the quotes are notations of their sources: newspaper clippings, official Reagan statements, transcripts of his speeches and news conferences.

The careful research has not kept the candidates' speechwriters from twisting Reagan's words on occasion. For example, Vice President Walter Mondale, in his 17-point fusillade against Reagan at the Democratic National Convention, quoted Reagan as calling many federal programs that help blacks and Hispanics "demeaning" and "insulting." Reagan did indeed use those words, in a June interview with TIME, but in a somewhat different way. Said he: "The Democratic philosophy over the years of going to blacks and Hispanics with more offers of handouts as the way to get their vote has actually been demeaning and insulting to them." But Mondale was right on the mark in most of his quotes of egregious remarks by Reagan, including his 1976 charge that "fascism was really the basis for the New Deal," and a claim put forth by Reagan last January that "the minimum wage has caused more misery and unemployment than anything since the Great Depression."

In the months ahead, Carter and Mondale aides expect to draw ever more frequently from material in the black binders. For instance, either candidate can hit back hard at Reagan's bid for the black vote by recalling his 1976 claim in a Fort Lauderdale, Fla., speech that working people at a supermarket checkout counter were "outraged" when they saw a "strapping young buck" buy T-bone steaks with food stamps. Carter-Mondale researchers have also found that in January Reagan said of U.S. attempts to prevent more countries from obtaining nuclear arms: "I just don't think it's any of our business." The next day, he called federal urban aid programs "one of the biggest phonies that we have in the system."

Republicans regard the Carter-Mondale tactic as dirty politics. But Reagan professes no unease and refuses to make a point-by-point rebuttal to the attempt "to portray me as a combination of Ebenezer Scrooge and the mad bomber." Instead, says Reagan, he will concentrate on attacking Carter's record as President.

G.O.P. Governor Jim Thompson cautioned the Reagan campaign not to "lay heavy stress" on the issue of Viet Nam. "I think that the war is over," said Thompson, returning the subject to the closet, where most voters would probably like it to remain.

In Dallas, at the end of a busy week, Reagan received a tumultuous reception from some 15,000 Protestant ministers and lay leaders. The candidate promised "a foreign policy which understands the danger we face from governments and ideologies that are at war with the very ideas of religion and freedom."

While Reagan was winning some and losing some, Carter won a warmer endorsement from Ted Kennedy than at the Democratic Convention. In Boston, when Carter arrived to address the Legion, Kennedy clasped his hand, patted him on the back and, while Carter looked on almost fawningly, declared: "I'm determined that he'll be re-elected."

It remains to be seen how hard Kennedy will work for Carter, but in a speech to the American Federation of Teachers in Detroit, he urged its members to endorse the President. When Carter appeared before the A.F.T. later in the week, the teachers welcomed him with chants of "We want Jimmy!"

The President also surmounted his first hurdle in winning crucial labor support, which traditionally supplies money and manpower—though far fewer votes than it once could—for Democratic candidates. The executive council of the AFL-CIO voted to recommend a Carter endorsement at the meeting of the general board next week. But heads of several of the biggest unions did not show up, and some of them abstained from voting. They are worried about persuading their members to turn out for the President. Said a union official: "The educational effort by the unions will probably convince most of their members that Reagan is an ogre. The question is, will this cause them to vote for Carter?"

As for Anderson, the third man without a theme was struggling to keep his candidacy alive. The latest polls show him to be teetering around the 15% that he needs to be included with Carter and Reagan in the debates that will be sponsored this fall by the League of Women Voters. This week Anderson is expected to name as his vice-presidential candidate former Wisconsin Governor Patrick Lucey, 62, a Democrat who was appointed Ambassador to Mexico by Carter and later resigned in a policy dispute. Lucey would not balance the ticket geographically for Illinois' Anderson, but he would help Anderson ideologically: a liberal, he helped direct Kennedy's fight for the nomination. And Anderson, like Carter, hopes that some of the Kennedy magic will rub off on him. *—By Edwin Warner. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett with Reagan and Johanna McGeary with Carter*

The subdued witness while being questioned about his Libyan friends and their loan

"Billy Carter Is Not a Buffoon"

So he demonstrated as he answered the Senators' questions

"I am just an ordinary citizen from a small Southern community," said the nervous, chain-smoking witness before a Senate subcommittee last week. But little was ordinary about the fact that Billy Carter had come to the ornate Senate Caucus Room, the famed site of the Teapot Dome, McCarthy and Watergate hearings. He was there to testify under oath about his controversial relations with the government of Libya. Soft-spoken and attired in a three-piece suit, he was no longer playing his old role as the Carter family clown. Indeed, in concluding a carefully crafted 27-page opening statement, he said, "I hope this testimony will show in common-sense fashion that Billy Carter is not a 'buffoon,' a 'boob' or a 'wacko,' as some public figures have described him."

In this, Billy appears to have succeeded. And although his judgment in choosing friends and business associates may remain open to question, he performed rather well in responding to the Senate panel's two main lines of questioning: 1) Had he used his position as the President's brother to influence U.S. policy toward Libya, a radical country with which Washington maintains subzero relations? 2) What were the details involving the $220,000 that he had received from a Libyan bank? In nine hours of testimony over two days, the Senators learned little that was new about either matter. Billy confirmed that he had visited Libya in 1978 and again the following year; he had played host, in turn, to a Libyan delegation to Georgia in January 1979; he had tried to arrange, without success, for the Charter Crude Oil Co. of Jacksonville to obtain Libyan crude oil; and he had received one check from the Libyans for $20,000 in December 1979 and another for $200,000 the following April 1.

Wife Sybil at the hearing

Throughout the testimony, Billy insisted that there was nothing wrong with these transactions. He conceded that he probably "had been invited [to Libya] because I was the brother of the President," but he maintained that he made it very clear to his hosts that he "had absolutely no influence" on U.S. policies. To show how pointless any such effort would have been, Billy told the Senators that "when Jimmy was Governor of Georgia," the state "repaved the streets of Plains with one exception—the small portion of street in front of my house."

As for the $220,000 from Libya, Billy insisted that it was simply an advance on a $500,000 loan. Senators greeted this claim with understandable skepticism, especially since no loan papers were signed and there was no documentary evidence of collateral. When Senators demanded proof that the money was indeed just a loan, Billy said that there was "just my word."

The one surprise at the hearings was the disclosure that two of Billy's acquaintances, Farmer George Belluomini and Financial Consultant Ronald Sprague, both of Bakersfield, Calif., are being investigated by the Treasury Department for possibly having laundered funds con-

nected with a drug smuggling operation. Subcommittee Special Counsel Philip Tone, however, made it clear that "the Government has no information that Mr. [Billy] Carter was in any way involved."

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of Billy's testimony was the extent to which he betrayed his deep sense of having suffered because his brother is in the White House. Because his brother's controlling interest in the Carter peanut warehouse was placed in a blind trust controlled by Atlanta Lawyer Charles Kirbo, Billy quit the business. Billy complained that Kirbo "made decisions I was unaware of and questioned every decision I made." And because Plains attracted hordes of tourists, including those who walked into his house without knocking, Billy decided to move 20 miles away to a new, $300,000 house in Buena Vista, Ga. Testified Billy: "I considered myself to be a private individual who had not been elected to public office and resented the attention of different Government agencies that I began to hear from almost as soon as Jimmy was sworn in." He has endured, he said, ten separate investigations, including several by the IRS, that have made public "most of my private and commercial business, and my private life." (The IRS apparently had some reason for its persistence; Billy has been found $130,000 in arrears on his taxes.)

Billy is also resentful of the negative publicity about his ties with Libya. He said that this made it impossible for him to continue the kind of public appearances that paid him as much as $500,000 a year in gross earnings. He told the Senators: "I was angry and bitter. My means of livelihood had vanished." As a result, he explained, "by the middle of February 1979, I began each day with four ounces of vodka. In January and February, I retained no food for 53 days."

Desperate for money, he turned to his new Libyan friends who, he said, "felt personally responsible" for his having lost his main source of income and wanted "to help me get back on my financial feet." The result was the oil negotiations on behalf of Charter. This could have involved up to 100,000 bbl. a day, for which Billy and his associates could have received as much as 55¢ per bbl. in commissions. To tide himself over until he would start receiving those fat fees, Billy asked Libya for a $500,000 loan.

Subcommittee Chairman Birch Bayh, the Indiana Democrat, inquired whether Billy had any qualms about associating with a regime that backs terrorists and is virulently anti-American. Asked the Senator: "Did you give any thought to what your presence would do in Libya, to how it would be used?" Billy made no apologies. But he did admit to having some second thoughts. Said he: "If I knew then what would happen, I'd never have made the trip [to Libya]. But hindsight ain't worth a damn." ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

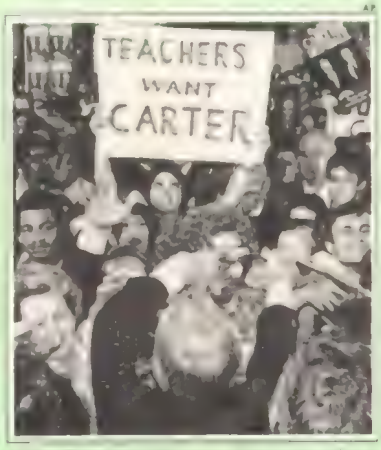
Delegates from Big Brother

In pigment and chromosome, the 1980 Democratic Convention was nearly perfect. Television directors were ecstatic as they ordered their crews to zoom in on the U.S. profile spread across Madison Square Garden, from pink cheeks with a hint of baby fat to wrinkles and wattles, from deepest ebony to lily white, female and male.

The Democratic National Committee proudly documented the diversity of the spectacle. Their figures showed that 15% of the 3,381 delegates were black, 49% were women and 11% were under 30. That was probably as finely polished a reflection of this shifting country as any political institution could rally.

Yet something was wrong. It was not in the statistics or the cosmetics. Reporters ran into it almost immediately whenever they began talking to delegates. Betty J. DeVito, a mother of seven from Mercer, Pa., was an ebullient woman who explained she was drawn to politics the day she heard Harry Truman speak from the caboose of a campaign train when she was 13. In New York, she got up every morning at 6:30 and was busy being a Carter delegate far into the night, even though her feet were swollen, and she figured it would cost her $700 to attend the convention, and she had to take a week off from her job without pay.

DeVito is an accountant for the state of Pennsylvania, a government employee. All over the convention floor, the situation was the same: an inordinate number of the delegates seemed to be a part of, or somehow plugged into, the government at some level. The most dramatic evidence of this imbalance was the fact that the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers claimed 372 convention delegates between them (virtually all were from public schools). They made up over 10% of the total, though public schoolteachers constitute less than 2% of the population of the U.S.



AP

Carter (foreground) responding to teachers

Not until last week was much thought given to the implications of this kind of imbalance. The Democratic National Committee said it did not keep information on delegate employment or source of income. The best data it turned out were compiled by CBS. They unlimbered their computer for TIME and went at the figures again. The earlier suspicions were confirmed—40.3% of the delegates to the Democratic National Convention were public officeholders or government employees in some capacity. (Only 7% of the general population is employed by government at all levels.) And the figure, some experts point out, does not reflect the number of other delegates who are dependent on Big Government spending, though they may work in the private sector.

Austin Ranney, senior political scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, finds immense irony in this development. "One of the great reasons for reform from the very beginning was to get away from patronage, so delegates would not be beholden to the old bosses," he says. Ranney now fears that all of the electoral reforms have not prevented the beholden of a different kind from entering through a "back door" of the convention. Since there are no longer power centers like Chicago's late Mayor Richard Daley, and only 69 Senators, Governors and members of the House were delegates this year, the new "boss" is Big Government, and in most instances the trail leads back to Washington and the Administration.

The Democratic Party seems to be forming itself like another part of the federal bureaucracy. In Ranney's view, a Kennedy revolt of 400 or 500 delegates never materialized in part because too many of the people on the floor had a personal stake in spending programs Jimmy Carter had fostered for states and localities.

That network of elected officials, civil servants, their consultants and contractors looks alarmingly like a talent bank for preserving the political power of the incumbent President.

The defendants: Mayor Errichetti of Camden, N.J., Congressman Myers, Lawyer Criden and Councilman Johanson

The FBI's Show of Shows

ABSCAM's first trial reels on, with more to come

The witness entertained the jurors in the Brooklyn federal courtroom last week with reminiscences of how, as a young man of 17, he cruised around Long Island smashing windows with a slingshot to boost sales at his father's glass business. He told of swindling $30,000 from the Attorney General of Bolivia and, by age 50, becoming so adept at devising con games that he franchised them to other swindlers and earned the nickname "the McDonald's of con men." But in 1977, the FBI caught Melvin Weinberg, now 55, trying to fleece Singer Wayne Newton and several other people of $200,000. Faced with a possible three-year prison sentence, Weinberg agreed to carry on his profession, this time for the law. He became one of the principals in ABSCAM,* the investigation in which FBI agents posing as Arabs tried to entice members of Congress and other public officials into taking bribes. The operation so far has led to indictments against 19 people, six of them Congressmen.

Wearing a cream-colored suit, brown-tinted aviator glasses and diamond rings on each pinkie, Weinberg last week began a new role: as the star witness of the first ABSCAM trial. The defendants are Mayor Angelo Errichetti of Camden, N.J., and three Philadelphians: Democratic Congressman Michael ("Ozzie") Myers, City Councilman Louis C. Johanson and Lawyer Howard Criden. All are accused of accepting $50,000 from FBI agents posing as representatives of a fictitious Arab sheik in return for Myers' promise to introduce an immigration bill.

When the trial opened two weeks ago, the defendants, through their lawyers, readily admitted taking the money. But they claimed that they never intended to do anything in return. One of the defense lawyers, Richard Ben-Veniste, a former Watergate prosecutor, told the jurors: "Keep in mind the only thing that was ever done was to take the fat Arab's money." The defense lawyers insist that their clients were innocent dupes of Weinberg. They claim that he set up the meetings between their clients and the bogus Arabs,

The swindler: Weinberg leaving the court

"The McDonald's of con men."

coached the defendants on what to say and assured them that they would never have to deliver on their promises. Declared Ben-Veniste: "This man *is* ABSCAM."

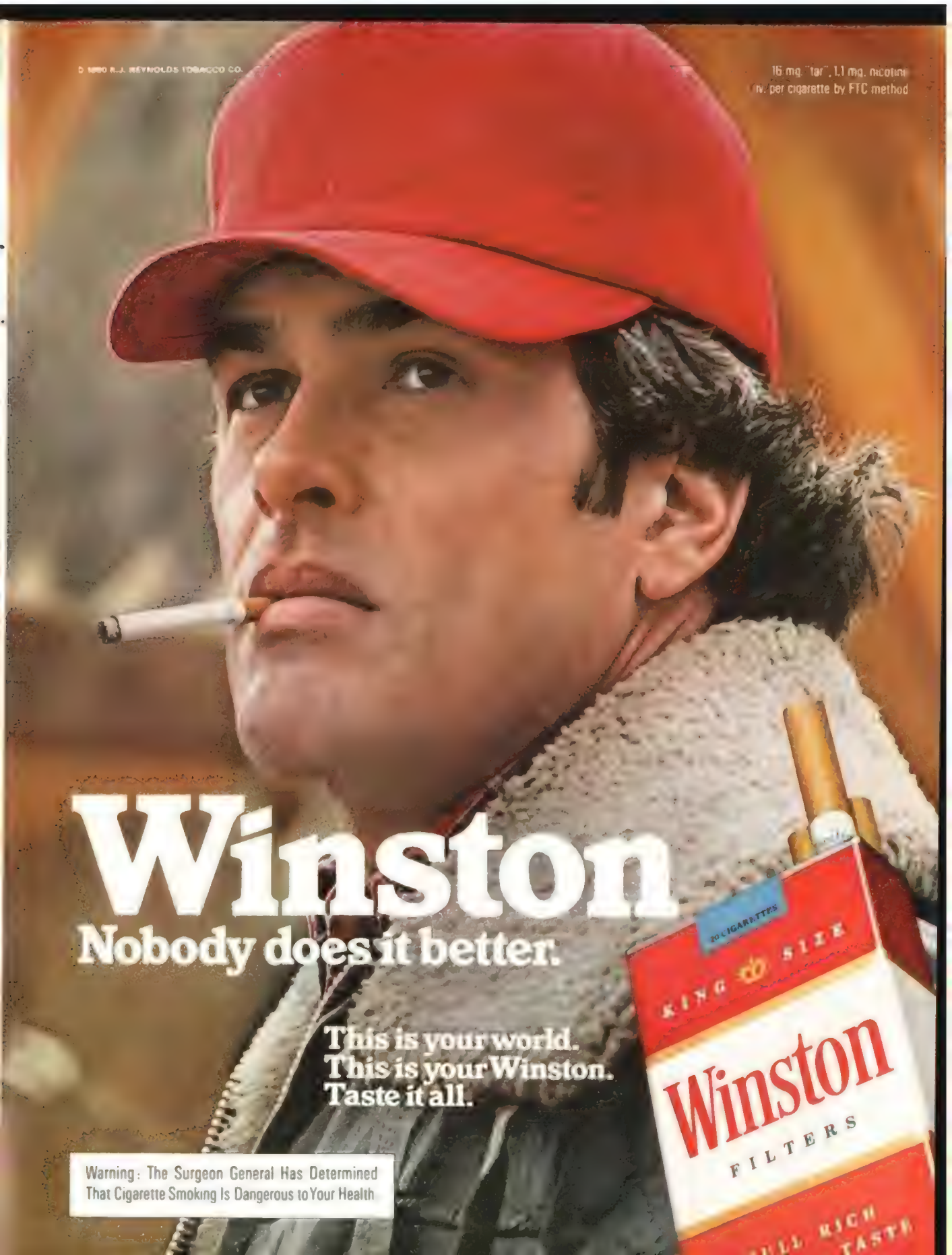
Because much of the prosecution's evidence consists of FBI video tapes and sound recordings of agents' meetings with the defendants, the Brooklyn courtroom looks like a NASA tracking station, with ten television monitors, four loudspeakers and a control panel in the center of the room. The evidence flickers before the jurors, each of whom wears headphones. Weinberg's face never appears on the screens, but his thick Brooklyn accent is heard frequently.

Prosecutor Thomas Puccio started off with a 30-min. video tape of a meeting in August 1979 between Myers and Errichetti and an undercover agent who called himself "Tony Devito" at a motel near New York City's John F. Kennedy International Airport. On the tape, Myers boasted grandly of being able to fix the sheik's immigration problems, then gave some pungent advice: "I'm gonna tell you something real simple and short. Money talks in this business, and bullshit walks." As the agent handed over an envelope bulging with $50,000 in $100 bills, he told Myers, "Spend it well." Replied Myers: "It's a pleasure."

Myers met again with the undercover agents in a Philadelphia hotel room last January and pressed for more payoffs. He grumbled about having to split the $50,000 with his friends, but soon turned philosophical. Said Myers: "Who am I going to complain to? My Congressman?" He promised to help the "Arabs" build a $34 million hotel and coal-shipping operation in Philadelphia by running interference with the city's Mafia bosses, but warned the "Arabs" that they must stick to their word. Said Myers: "I can't go back [to the Mafia] and say, 'Look, I made the deal but here's half the action.' I'd be in the river the same night."

According to testimony at the trial, Errichetti, Johanson and Criden tried un-

*ABSCAM it turns out, is not short for "Arab scam," as widely reported. At the request of the American-Arab Relations Committee, Judge George C. Pratt, presiding at the trial, announced that the acronym actually stands for "Abdul scam," after Abdul Enterprises Ltd., the bogus import-export firm that the agents used as their front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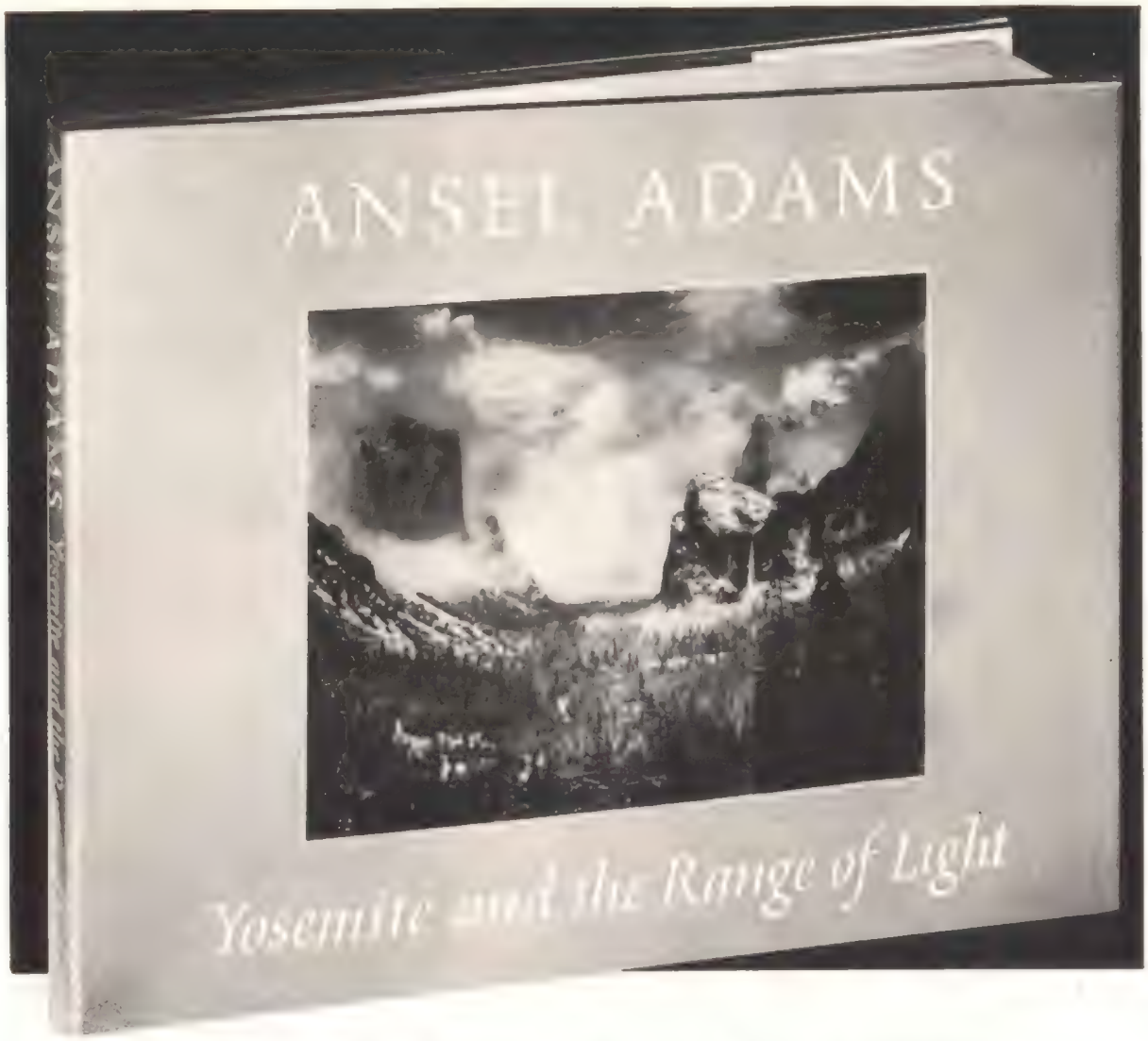

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successfully to squeeze even more money from the pseudo Arabs. The trio arranged for a Philadelphia lawyer, Ellis Cook, to impersonate Mario Noto, then deputy commissioner of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, and demand a bribe for himself. But Cook's memory apparently failed him at the critical moment. Weinberg asked his name. "Nopo," replied Cook. "Nopo?" asked Weinberg in disbelief. "Yeah, Nopo," said Cook. "*N-o-p-o.*" Suspecting an impostor, Weinberg ordered Cook to leave. As the tape was shown, laughter rippled through the courtroom; even Judge George Pratt cracked a smile.

In an attempt to demonstrate that their clients were only following Weinberg's "script," the defense lawyers played a tape recording of Weinberg supposedly coaching Democratic Senator Harrison Williams of New Jersey in June 1979 for a meeting with an undercover agent. Williams, who has not been indicted, has acknowledged that he met with Weinberg and the pseudo Arab, but has denied doing anything illegal. On the tape, Weinberg urged, "You gotta tell him how important you are. You tell him in no uncertain terms: 'Without me there is no deal.' "

Though the tape seemed to show that Weinberg leaned heavily on Williams, the defense lawyers are finding it hard to show that the same possibly improper pressure was applied to their clients. In cross-examining Weinberg, however, they did succeed in shaking his credibility as a witness by demonstrating that he is a con man with unsurpassed chutzpah. Asked if he swindled an uncle out of $50,000, Weinberg quickly denied it. He then added: "It was a cousin." He admitted he received $3,000 a month from the FBI for his services, plus perquisites like limousines and champagne. He said he had received a $100,000 advance from a publisher for a book about ABSCAM. Weinberg was asked if he had once said in an interview that he was "the world's biggest liar." "Yes," he readily admitted, but at the time he had been, well, lying.

The defense also argues that the FBI violated the defendants' right of due process by manufacturing a crime and then publicizing it with a flood of leaks. Judge Pratt will rule on this argument just before the case goes to the jury. No matter what the verdict, ABSCAM trials of four more Democratic Congressmen will begin in September. In October, Republican Congressman Richard Kelly of Florida will go on trial in Washington. His chief witness will be a psychic who plans to testify that she told Kelly to beware of FBI agents and that is why he decided to conduct his own investigation. Part of that inquiry, Kelly claims, involved stuffing $25,000 in cash from an ABSCAM "Arab" into his pocket, as captured by the FBI cameras. ***—By James Kelly. Reported by Evan Thomas/New York***

Why the Iran Rescue Failed

Report finds flaws, such as too few choppers, but no neglect

Ever since Americans awoke last April 25 to the shock of a rescue mission turned to ashes in the Iranian desert, they have demanded to know more about that failed attempt: Had the Soviets found out, forcing the President to call it off? Why were there not more helicopters? Was the whole operation too risky?

Pentagon officials had questions too, and so they commissioned two studies, one a classified internal report by the men who had planned and participated in the mission, the other a no-holds-barred assessment by an interservice team of five generals, some retired, some active, headed by former Chief of Naval Operations Admiral James L. Holloway III. The Holloway group's 64-page report, released at week's end, dismisses all thought that the mission was aborted for any reason but the lack of six helicopters, the acceptable minimum, in which to go on from Desert One, the refueling rendezvous.

RH-53 helicopters aboard U.S.S. *Nimitz* just before lift-off on doomed mission

"We encountered not a shred of evidence of culpable neglect or incompetence."

Presenting his report in the Pentagon's briefing studio, Holloway said that the plan adopted had "the best chance of success under the circumstances, and the decision to execute it was justified." He added: "We encountered not a shred of evidence of culpable neglect or incompetence."

The Holloway group did, however, find several faults. The number of helicopters was kept to eight to reduce the risk of discovery. But the brass concluded that it would have been prudent to have used at least ten choppers. They also criticized the selection of Navy and Marine Corps crewmen who were familiar with the RH-53 aircraft but not with the kind of tough, assault flying they had to do.

The dust clouds that broke up the pilots' formation and forced one of them to turn back came as a surprise. The crews might have been able to handle the dust had they known about it, but security had kept the pilots from meeting their weather forecasters. Strict radio silence had kept them from learning that, despite the dust en route, the air was clear at Desert One. Later, the pilot who had aborted said he would have gone on had he known that.

The report also describes the scene at Desert One, even before the crash of an RH-53 into a C-130 transport plane, as one of confusion. The reason: lack of precise operating procedures, because there never had been a full dress rehearsal. The main reason for that, again, was the planners' understandable but overdrawn concern for security.

Secrecy also precluded any review of the mission by outside specialists. Moreover, the final plan was never committed to paper so that the Joint Chiefs could study it. Either or both of these steps, says the report, "would probably have contributed to a more thoroughly tested and carefully evaluated final plan."

TIME's Pentagon correspondent Don Sider has also learned of an additional oversight, not mentioned in the Holloway report. Sider reports that two C-141 Medevac planes were standing by at Saudi Arabia's Dhahran Air Base with twelve doctors on board to treat casualties from the team that was to have assaulted the embassy and the foreign ministry in Tehran. But no one had reckoned on the crash at Desert One that took eight lives and left four others badly burned. Incredibly, the Medevac planes were equipped for every emergency but burns.

"No one action or lack of action caused the operation to fail," concluded Admiral Holloway. But fail it did, at the cost of those eight lives, seven RH-53 helicopters, one C-130 transport and $25 million in expenses. Even so, Holloway—like most of those who first learned of the rescue effort after it had already failed—was heartened that, as his report said, "America had the courage to try." ■

COVER STORIES

Poland's Angry Workers

Protests over food shortages and demands for rights shake the Gierek regime

"If Marx were alive to see it, he would not believe his eyes." So said a prominent Polish émigré in London last week. Indeed, the father of modern Communism would have been astounded by the spectacle: a socialist country whose ports, factories and mills were crippled by an industrial revolt of its own angry workers; a Communist Party leader abjectly confessing his regime's economic failure and dependence on capitalist banking consortiums for lifesaving loans. Most incredible of all to the man who contemptuously dismissed religion as "the opiate of the people" would have been the sight of thousands of strikers and their families kneeling at the gates of a shipyard, praying and singing hymns before the flower-bedecked portrait of a Polish Pope.

Warsaw's leaders were hardly less bewildered themselves last week as a strike by shipyard workers in the Baltic port of Gdansk spread to about 400 factories and enterprises along the northern seacoast and affected key industrial centers in the south. By week's end an estimated 150,000 workers had walked off the job, and there were rumors that Warsaw would be hit by a paralyzing general strike. In an apparent attempt to head off that prospect, the government relented on its earlier refusal to deal with the strike leaders and sent a deputy premier to meet with them at their main center of Gdansk. Though initial talks dealt only with the ground rules for a possible negotiation, they were cheered by picketing workers as a significant gesture of recognition. Meanwhile, in a letter to national church authorities, Poland's own Pope John Paul II expressed his concern over what he called his country's "arduous struggle for daily bread and social justice." Poland's Communist government was thus confronted with its most serious threat since the food-price riots that toppled Party Leader Wladyslaw Gomulka in 1970.

As they had done ten years ago, and again in 1976, the rebellious Polish workers were demanding higher pay and lower food prices. But this time, the strikers went far beyond those bread-and-butter issues by insisting on a number of sweeping political reforms. Among them: free labor unions that would have the legal right to strike, the abolition of censorship, and freedom for all political prisoners. In effect, they were asking for the unthinkable: that the Communist Party in a Communist state give up its monopoly of power.

The workers' bold challenge raised grave questions that went far beyond Poland's borders. What effect might the turmoil have on other Soviet satellites in Eastern Europe? Might Moscow's own dominoes begin to topple? Would the Soviets, despite their entanglement in Afghanistan, send tanks rolling into Warsaw, as they did into rebellious Budapest in 1956 and Prague twelve years later? If so, how could the West—and particularly the U.S.—respond?

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY STANISLAW ZAGORSKI

The mounting wave of labor unrest started eight weeks ago with a series of scattered strikes protesting a sudden rise in meat prices, which have been kept artificially low by costly government subsidies. Shunning the brutal crackdown that had caused Gomulka's downfall, the government of Party Boss Edward Gierek had already granted some $117 million to other strikers during the first wave of protest. It refused, however, to roll back the price of meat. The situation took a dramatic turn two weeks ago, when 16,000 employees of the Lenin Shipyard in Gdansk suddenly walked off the job and seized control of the sprawling complex. They were soon joined by city bus drivers and workers at 17 nearby factories and enterprises, virtually shutting down the country's major Baltic seaport.

Two days later, the shipyard's strike committee accepted a $50-per-month pay raise and agreed to return to work; the increase would have raised a typical shipyard worker's monthly pay to $385, more than twice the national average of $172 for other industries, in fact. But the decision was overturned by the rank-and-file, who refused to "betray the other strikers." In an abrupt about-face, Strike Leader Lech Walesa, a 37-year-old electrician, told shipyard workers: "We must fight alongside them until the end."

The mood of defiance quickly broadened. Fresh strikes erupted in the neighboring ports of Gdynia and Sopot, spreading from there to the major shipbuilding center of Szczecin, near the East German border, and to the industrial city of Elblag, only 30 miles from the Soviet Union. Work stoppages also broke out at the massive Nowa Huta steel complex, near Cracow. There were even reports of strike activity in the mining region of Silesia, Gierek's birthplace and political stronghold. At the Gdansk shipyard, which remained the nerve center of the Baltic upheaval, workers set up a central committee that claimed to represent the striking factories and enterprises along the coast.

Returning from a two-week trip to the Soviet Union, Gierek tried desperately to defuse the suddenly explosive situation. He canceled a scheduled summit meeting with West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt,* and sent a task force to negotiate with the strikers in Gdansk. But the regime shrewdly insisted on talking to workers from individual factories, rejecting any dealings with the Interfactory Strike Committee based at the Lenin Shipyard. "They do not represent the

*Losing his second summit in one week, Schmidt also postponed a meeting with East German Party Boss Erich Honecker. Reason: the recent "developments in Europe."

workers," explained a Polish government spokesman in Warsaw. Added a party official in Gdansk: "We want each factory to settle individually."

The government team made little headway; in a tacit admission of failure, Gierek abruptly replaced Tadeusz Pyka as chief negotiator with Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Jagielski, a seasoned and effective bargainer. It was Jagielski who ultimately abandoned the divide-and-conquer approach, and met personally with a Strike Committee delegation—to the cheers of the picketing workers.

Apart from flying and trucking reinforcements into the Baltic area, Gierek made no show of armed force. Instead, he appealed for reason and moderation in a 25-minute radio and television address to the nation. He made it clear that many of the strikers' demands were unacceptable. "Strikes will not change things for the better," Gierek said. "They only multiply difficulties." With characteristic frankness, the former miner admitted to "mistakes in economic policy" and a "lack of progress in the organization of production and the life of the community." He promised reforms, such as higher pay, increased meat supplies, more decentralization and less bureaucracy. Said he: "We understand the tiredness and impatience of the working people over the troubles of everyday life."

But Gierek continued on a tough and realistic note that evoked the specter of Soviet intervention should the workers push their demands too far. "Any actions aimed at the foundation of the political and social order in Poland cannot and will not be tolerated," he said. "Only a socialist Poland can be a free and independent state with inviolable borders. There are certain limits beyond which we must not go." Gierek noted that "only people of ill will fail to see this." Such people, he warned, were "anarchic, antisocialist groups" attempting to use the strikes for political ends.

In addition to the strike leaders, Gierek was obviously referring to Poland's active dissident movement, spearheaded by the Committee for Social Self-Defense (known by the acronym KOR). Established after the 1976 riots to defend workers against official harassment, KOR has developed into the strongest dissident group in the Soviet bloc. Taking advantage of a relatively tolerant government attitude, it publishes several underground journals and is a sponsor of the underground "flying university" lecture series.

One significant aspect of the present strike movement, in contrast to earlier protests, has been the success of the dissident intellectuals at forging links with the workers and winning their support even for abstract issues such as freedom of expression and human rights. KOR is believed to be largely responsible for framing the strikers' boldest political demands; it has also provided Western reporters with detailed information on the numbers of workers

Strikers in Gdansk: order reigned in a scene of defiance

and factories affected by the strikes.

Many KOR leaders, like Sociologist Jacek Kuron, are former Marxist intellectuals who oppose the present police state and call instead for a more democratic, decentralized brand of socialism. An advocate of organized resistance rather than violence, Kuron nonetheless warned in the West German newspaper *Die Welt* last week: "The way things are going now, sooner or later there will be an explosion, the consequences of which will be a national tragedy."

The dissidents' pronouncements and activities finally brought on a government crackdown. Two days after Gierek had publicly castigated them, 19 dissidents were arrested, including Kuron and some fellow KOR members who were staying in his Warsaw apartment. Next day, the authorities seized several other dissidents;

among them was Leszek Moczulski, leader of the Confederation for an Independent Poland. Under Polish law the dissidents can be detained for 48 hours without formal charges. At week's end five were released, but others will probably be held longer. The regime seems bent on isolating the workers from the antigovernment intellectuals.

Neither the arrests nor Gierek's appeals to reason appeared to bring the strikes any closer to a settlement. In the grimy, red-brick conference hall of Lenin Shipyard, Gierek's speech was greeted with derision. "He said nothing new at all," said a dockworker from Gdynia. "He talked to us as if we were children." Many workers ignored the speech entirely, basking shirtless in the sun and playing cards during the live broadcast.

Nor were the workers budged by a government propaganda campaign that stressed huge economic losses caused by the strikes. Seeking to erode popular support for the workers, the state television claimed that the strikes were costing millions of dollars a day and that needed food supplies were rotting in the holds of ships stacked up in Gdansk Harbor. Throughout the affected region, the lines at gro-

Party Boss Gierek: a frank appeal for reason and moderation

Strikers at Lenin Shipyard kneel in prayer at fence bearing portrait of John Paul II

"We in Rome are united with our fellow countrymen in Poland."

cery stores grew ever longer as scarce supplies disappeared from the shelves. Said one of the members of the Gdansk Strike Committee: "We are aware of the economic losses. We promise to make up for them after our demands are met."

Unfortunately, Poland's economic problems seem to be well beyond the power of workers or government to repair in the near future. They are the result of 33 years of Communist bungling and a decade of misfortune and miscalculation by Gierek's government. He had inherited a chaotic agricultural system and an inefficient industrial base that produced chronic shortages of foodstuffs and consumer goods. His solution was a rapid modernization of industry that was intended to produce hard-currency-earning exports and enable the government to import more food and goods from the West.

The game plan did not work. Poland borrowed heavily abroad to import needed Western technology. The debts were supposed to be paid by re-exporting finished goods, but production was hampered by mismanagement, and foreign markets were reduced by the Western recession of the mid-1970s. Spiraling bills for imported oil, 80% of which comes from the Soviet Union, presented yet another problem. Moscow's preferential price, though well below OPEC rates, has risen sharply since 1974. Poland must therefore divert more exports to the Soviet Union instead of selling them for hard Western currency. The result: a staggering foreign debt of more than $19 billion

Five years of bad weather and poor harvests have taken their toll in the agricultural sector. But Poland's main problem—unique among the Soviet satellites —is that about 70% of its farm land remains in private hands. Individual farmers complain that the government discriminates against them, giving most of the fertilizer, fodder and credits for machinery to state-run farms. Some experts believe the peasants' endemic distrust of the government makes it impossible to institute a rational farm policy

One way to increase production would be to pay the farmers higher prices. That would mean raising food costs, which is precisely what led to the disturbances in 1970 and 1976, as well as the present labor unrest. Until now, the government has skirted the problem by paying some 40% of its annual budget in price subsidies. But the Gierek regime, no longer able to bear that burden, suddenly reduced its subsidies last month, allowing the price of meat to rise sharply. As one Western economist told TIME Eastern Europe Correspondent Barry Kalb: "They need to increase prices to reduce demand and enable them to pay the peasants more. But it's become such a sensitive issue that the government cannot act."

Meanwhile a government decision to export large quantities of meat—a ready hard-currency earner on the world market—produced domestic shortages. What made economic sense on paper proved to be singularly unpopular in an East bloc country that had become accustomed to a relatively high rate of meat consumption (79 kg per person in 1978). Current shortages of meat have become a focal point of popular discontent as well as the butt of a spate of grim jokes. Sample: "Why must butchershops be 1 km apart? To keep the lines in front from getting tangled."

Meat is only one of the countless consumer products—from thread to auto parts—that are chronically running short in Poland. The explanation is a familiar one in the Communist world—rigidly centralized planning. One result has been the development of a thriving black market. Another is a growing bitterness toward a regime that grandly promised more and delivered less. As one young Gdansk worker put it last week: "For years we were promised paradise We have had only misery."

Some temporary economic help is coming to Poland in the form of foreign loans, even though international bankers now consider the debt-burdened country a considerable credit risk. Last week a consortium of international banks, with the Bank of America serving as agent, formally signed a $325 million loan agreement with the Warsaw government; significantly, the figure was $175 million less than Poland had originally asked for. Another loan, for $672 million by 25 West German banks, was approved two weeks ago despite the insistence of Opposition Leader Franz Josef Strauss that financial assistance should not be granted unless Gierek met the workers' demands.

Economics do not fully explain the nature of the workers' protest. Other East bloc countries face problems that are as bad or worse. One key factor is the Polish character: the Poles are a romantic people imbued with an intense nationalism. "The Polish cavalry fought German Panzers with drawn sabers during World War II," notes a West German foreign ministry expert. "It was heroic, it was patriotic, it was desperate. Those have been Polish characteristics, sharpened by history, throughout the centuries."

Marx would have been amazed: strikers talk strategy at Gdansk shipyard

Jacek Kuron at KOR's Warsaw headquarters

Another current of the Polish character that has fed the recent protests is a deeply rooted faith. Poland's identification with the Catholic Church dates back to the baptism of its first ruler, Prince Mieszko I, in 966. Today, some 75% to 80% of Poland's 35 million people are practicing Catholics, despite the state's official atheistic ideology. An enduring stronghold through almost two centuries of foreign domination, the church remains a symbol both of Polish nationalism and anti-Communism. In several recent sermons, Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski of Warsaw, the country's politically sophisticated Primate, expressed sympathy for the protests over shortages. Last week Archbishop Lech Kaczmarek of Gdansk, with the Cardinal's blessing, stated publicly that the church understood the aims of the striking workers, "who are striving to improve their lot, both in material terms as well as others, such as respect for human rights." The Archbishop also cautioned the strikers that "prolonged stoppages, possible disturbances and fraternal bloodshedding are against the good of the society."

Nothing symbolized the strikers' militant faith better than the shrine they cre-

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ated at a fence enclosing the Lenin Shipyard. Its iron grillwork was ornamented with pictures of the Virgin Mary and color portraits of the Pope, the former Cardinal-Archbishop of Cracow. The shrines were decorated with flowers brought or sent by sympathizers throughout the country. A short distance away, workers had erected a wooden cross in memory of those killed by Gomulka's troops during the 1970 riots. At one point, thousands of blue-clad workers and their families gathered at the gate, prayed together and sang the stirring national hymn *Oh God, Who Has Defended Poland*. At the Vatican, meanwhile, the Pope broke his silence on the crisis by reciting two traditional prayers for his motherland and telling 900 Polish visitors, "We in Rome are united with our fellow countrymen in Poland."

Polish history is also marked by an endemic rebelliousness; the upheavals of 1956, 1970 and 1976 are only the more recent examples. Poland quivered with revolutionary fervor throughout the 19th century, struggling to throw off the yoke of foreign domination and applauding the periodic uprisings of its European neighbors. As Marx put it: "Poland is the 'foreign' thermometer of the intensity and vitality of all revolutions since 1789." The mercury in the Polish thermometer did not go down after the Communists consolidated their postwar takeover in 1947.

Quite the contrary, the installation of a Soviet-backed regime in Warsaw rubbed against the grain of another deep-rooted national trait: an almost visceral anti-Russian sentiment that Poles have harbored for centuries. That enmity was inflamed when Catherine the Great swallowed up part of the country in the First Partition of Poland in 1772. Two subsequent partitions put more than half of Poland under Russian domination, feeding nationalistic passions that sparked major antitsarist revolts in the 19th century.

The historic bitterness toward Moscow was hardly diminished by the Bolsheviks' brief but bloody war with newly independent Poland in 1920. Nor did passions cool when the U.S.S.R. and Nazi Germany invaded the helpless country in 1939, and when the Soviets subsequently massacred more than 4,000 Polish army officers at Katyn Forest in 1940. Echoing the long hatred for Poland's rapacious eastern neighbor, the KOR dissidents last year issued a lengthy report denouncing "the crimes of genocide committed by the Soviet authorities" against Poland.

No one is more aware of those sentiments than the current Kremlin leaders, who are now confronted with a workers' revolt that challenges not just Gierek's regime but also the Communist system imposed on Poland by Moscow. Despite the ominous precedents of Prague and Budapest, Soviet leaders so far appear reluctant to get directly involved. Reports one Western diplomat in Moscow:

Gierek: Good Will Is Not Enough

After Wladyslaw Gomulka's 1970 ouster as Communist Party Chief, following a disastrous series of riots over food prices, his successor came to power on a wave of popular good will, a man of the people who would change things. As gregarious and outgoing as Gomulka was dour and withdrawn, Edward Gierek began meeting directly with workers to hear their complaints. Time and again he asked: "Will you help me?" Delighted with his down-to-earth style, the workers shouted back: "We will."

Gomulka flirted briefly with liberalization after he was named party boss in 1956, but then clamped a repressive lid on the country. Initially Gierek delivered on many of his own early promises, allowing Poles freer access to Western cultural influences and more opportunity to travel abroad. "For the first few years, the quality of life improved markedly in Poland," recalls one Western diplomat who served in Warsaw. "He enjoyed a measure of support that transcended anything during the Gomulka years." But by the mid-1970s, things began to sour under Gierek too, as the country went heavily into debt to finance his ambitious but ill-fated plans for industrial modernization. Gierek began depending on an old Communist stand-by, exhorting people to work harder, produce more. When Pope John Paul II gave a speech extolling the virtues of hard work on his return to Poland last year, one young listener remarked: "He sounds just like Gierek." People still speak of Gierek as honest, sincere, a "good man." But more and more, Poles have come to view him as a well-meaning incompetent, mechanically committed to a Communist system that cannot solve the country's considerable problems.

US PRESS—GAMMA LIAISON

Gierek (left) talks with miners near Lublin (1976)

That is a sorry comedown for a leader who always had a reputation for getting things done. As Party Secretary for Upper Silesia, Gierek was noted for being ready to fight central authorities in Warsaw to gain benefits for his workers; under his tenure they enjoyed the highest standard of living in the country. Gierek came from a coal-mining family, and his father, grandfather and an uncle all died in mining accidents. In 1923, after his father's death, Gierek's mother took him to France, where at the age of 13 he began working in the mines; a few years later he joined the French Communist Party. Expelled from France in 1934 for taking part in a strike, Gierek later went to Belgium, where he again worked as a miner and served in the Resistance during World War II.

Back in Poland in 1948, Gierek rose rapidly through party ranks, in part because of his reputation for toughness. When student riots broke out in 1968, Gierek warned that those who opposed the regime would have their "bones broken." Nonetheless, he also gained a reputation as a pragmatist who would try to look at a problem and find a practical solution that he could fit into Communist ideology.

Gierek, 67, is a man of strong moods and quick temper. He likes his vodka, but holds it well. He still speaks French fluently, and rarely misses an edition of the Paris daily *Le Monde*. A natty dresser, Gierek insists that his white shirts be washed by his wife Stanislawa. "She is the only one who knows how to make them look good yet soft," Gierek answered when relatives complained that the wife of Poland's leader should not have to do laundry. And for all of Gierek's devotion to Communism, his aged mother has remained a devout Catholic. One crack making the rounds during the Pope's visit: "Gierek hopes to make the Pope a Marxist; Gierek's mother hopes the Pope will make Gierek a Catholic."

"They're embarrassed. They're wringing their hands. But there's not much chance they're going to send in the tanks."

Most U.S. experts agree that the Soviet leaders are unlikely to use force at this time—especially with the vexing military quagmire in Afghanistan to worry about. "It's not their style to get involved in two places at once unless it is absolutely necessary," says Eastern European Specialist Vojtech Mastny of Johns Hopkins University. Adds Kremlinologist Dmitri Simes, also of Johns Hopkins: "The Soviets would have everything to lose and nothing but problems to gain. Invading Poland would be a desperate solution." An editor of a dissident publication in Poland puts it more bluntly: "They wouldn't dare. If they did, there would be a bloodbath such as you've never seen."

Nonetheless, there is little doubt that the Soviets would move quickly if they felt that Gierek's regime faced imminent collapse or if the peaceful strikes degenerated into violence that Poland's own security forces could not control. If riots do occur, Western experts speculate that Gierek would first use regular police against the strikers. If that failed, the government might then bring in the militia —tough, well-trained security forces that are distinct from the regular military and were used to quell the 1970 riots. Bringing in the Polish army would present a problem, since conscript soldiers might well sympathize with the workers.

If, as a last resort, the Warsaw government had to call on Moscow for armed backing, the Soviets' logistical problems would be minimal. They currently have two tank divisions—consisting of about 35,000 men and 650 tanks—stationed in

The Other Satellites

The rest of the East bloc watched last week's turbulence in Poland with understandable unease. News accounts of the strikes were guarded at first, tending to emphasize the Warsaw government's calls for order and the seriousness of the economic situation. Poland's basic problems have their counterparts, to some degree, nearly everywhere that Moscow's writ runs. Low productivity, heavy indebtedness and cumbersome bureaucracies plague all the Soviet satellites in Eastern Europe. Thirty-five years after the end of World War II, shortages of food and consumer goods are endemic. The gap continues to widen between worker expectations and reality; intellectuals still bridle under repressive regimes. An economic failure, the Communist system poses special challenges for each of the satellite countries.

East Germany leads the Warsaw Pact in per capita meat consumption (86.2 kg), a revealing economic indicator in the Communist world. Thought to have the strongest economy in the bloc, East Germany is the only member to set a higher growth target for this year (4.8%) than last (4.3%). Economic planning has loosened a bit, helping to compensate for capital deficiencies, limited natural resources and a small labor force. Slavish in its devotion to Soviet aims, East Germany billets some 285,000 Soviet troops. The archconservative regime of Party Chief Erich Honecker tolerates little dissent, though a few minor work stoppages have been reported this year. East Germans are rarely allowed to travel westward and defect at a rate of 200 every year.

Hungary is probably the most attractive and livable country in the East bloc. After Poland, it is also the most liberal: the press is relatively lively, repression is seldom visible, travel is more freely allowed than elsewhere in the East bloc. János Kádár's government has no peer in public relations among its Eastern European friends; a recent round of price hikes was announced a year ahead of time to soften the reaction. An economic plan put into effect last year looks suspiciously like capitalism, with financial incentives and broad leeway for managers to hire, fire and set production goals. The government also winks at a booming underground economy. Although his economic growth record was lowest in the region last year, Kádár is one of the most popular rulers in the bloc. The 60,000 Soviet troops in the country try to stay out of sight and mind.

While most Eastern Europeans regard the Soviets with scorn or even hatred, Bulgarians have been unwavering Russophiles for a century. Bulgaria is one of two Warsaw Pact countries without Soviet troops on its soil, and its state security apparatus keeps a low profile. Says one diplomat: "The obvious signs of repression aren't there." Economic growth was 6.5% in 1979, highest among the satellites. A new system of wage incentives and decentralized planning

Czech youth waves flag atop a Soviet tank in Prague in 1968

was also introduced. President Todor Zhivkov, 68, tolerated by an apathetic people, heard little more than a grumble when he hiked prices sharply last year.

Its spirit broken by the Soviet invasion in 1968, Czechoslovakia's government is abjectly loyal to its eastern master. "Today is the anniversary [of the 'Prague Spring'], but nobody gives a damn," a resident of the capital said last week. "We've learned our lesson." Dissidents are treated harshly by the Gustáv Husák regime—many prominent intellectuals belonging to the Charter 77 Movement were imprisoned last fall—and alienation is widespread. Some 80,000 Soviet troops are on hand in case anyone steps out of line. Czechoslovakia has a stagnating economy that will probably fall short of its 1980 planned growth of 3.7%. Mindful that economic reforms led to the overthrow of the liberal Dubček government almost twelve years ago, Husák has shown little inclination to make changes.

In Rumania, troops with automatic weapons give the capital of Bucharest a grim, neo-Stalinist air. None of the soldiers are Soviet, a point of pride with President Nicolae Ceauşescu, who steers an independent course in foreign policy but a fiercely repressive one at home. Strikes by mineworkers in the Jiu Valley in 1977 were put down by force; there are reports, denied by the government, of strikes in July at the industrial complex of Tîrgovişte. Rumania's rate of economic growth was the highest in the bloc for most of the 1970s, but the country still has the lowest standard of living. For the time being, Rumanians will have to find sustenance in a Ceauşescu personality cult that rivals that of Mao or Stalin in their heydays.

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MAGNAVOX

Poland. While there have been no unusual troop movements so far, the Soviets have been gathering units for several weeks in western areas, preparing part of the U.S.S.R. for regular Warsaw Pact maneuvers in East Germany next month. The mobilized Soviet units will probably transit through Poland and could quickly be thrown into action if necessary.

Moscow has given only scant news coverage to what it euphemistically termed the Polish "work stoppages." A report by the TASS news agency stressed Gierek's warning that "action against political and public order cannot and will not be tolerated in Poland." In a revival of an old cold-war tactic, the Soviets last week resumed the jamming of Western radio broadcasts, apparently because of the wide play being given to Polish events.

What Moscow does next clearly depends on Gierek's own success in dealing with the situation. U.S. officials believe that he has been given a mandate to negotiate an economic settlement with the workers and that he still enjoys the Kremlin's confidence. The crucial question: How much will the Soviets let Gierek negotiate away? The Soviets apparently approve Gierek's goal of trying to defuse the workers' political demands with offers of cash, and may well kick in some financial aid to bail Gierek out

It is more difficult to calculate Moscow's tolerance of reform. Without fundamentally violating Communist orthodoxy, some experts believe, Gierek might be able to promise a degree of worker participation in decision-making on the factory level. Kremlinologist Simes feels that certain concessions could safely be made in the area of labor organization—free trade unions at the shop level, for example, but no factory- or industry-wide unions. No matter the forms, stresses Eastern Europe Scholar Mastny, "Gierek must be able to reassert the political monopoly of the Communist Party."

One reassuring sign was the manifest desire on both sides to avoid a violent confrontation. Gierek well knows the danger of using force. In 1970, his predecessor used force against the rioting Gdansk workers. Dozens died in the clashes, and Gomulka was finally forced out. Confronted with similar food-price riots in 1976, Gierek wisely backed down on prices rather than resort to massive force. So far, there is no indication that he intends to reverse that policy

The workers, too, learned some lessons. Heeding Kuron's advice to organize peacefully rather than riot, the Gdansk strikers have established a remarkable degree of order and discipline. "After seeing protesters elsewhere shaking their fists and screaming, this is soul-rending," remarked a West German tourist last week, as she contemplated the eerie calm hanging over Lenin Shipyard. "Nobody is misbehaving," said a square-set foreman, puffing on a cigarette. "This is no time for fun. We're all in this together."

At night, the workers pushed back benches in the factory's conference rooms and slept on cafeteria chairs or on the floor. The drawn faces of the strikers showed the exhaustion and strain. Their families continued their pilgrimage to the factory gates, handing them food, giving them encouragement. Priests visited them daily to celebrate Mass in the open air and hear confessions. "We are not a mob, not the antisocialist element the government is blaming," insisted a woman shipyard welder. "We are workers involved in peaceful protest. We only want the basics: freedom, enough to eat, enough to live on."

Memorial Cross at Lenin Shipyard

Symbols of a militant faith

Washington policymakers looked on the Polish events with a mixture of sympathetic concern and apprehension. The Carter Administration—clearly aware of the potential reaction of millions of Polish Americans—said as little as possible about the crisis last week. At a regular Monday press briefing, State Department Deputy Spokesman David Passage blandly declared the strikes "a matter for the Polish people and Polish authorities to work out." That point was also made in identical language by Secretary of State Edmund Muskie, a Polish American, a few days later. Both Muskie and Passage expressed official "concern" for the arrested dissidents. At week's end President Carter told the Boston *Globe* that "we hope, and I might say expect, that there will be no further Soviet involvement in Polish affairs." Carter added: "But I can't predict that for sure."

Explaining the reasoning behind Washington's cautious reaction, one State Department official told TIME: "We do not want to give the Soviets or the Polish authorities the slightest pretext for harsh action. It could be very dangerous for everyone, especially the Polish people, if the strike leaders were emboldened by suggestions of U.S. support." That policy rests on a frustrating, but inescapable fact: the U.S. has no realistic option for responding to a Soviet military action in Poland. "We have seen many of these situations since World War II," says a Government analyst, "and no Administration has been able to do anything in the way of an effective response." America's European allies were equally circumspect. As a West German Chancellery official told TIME Bonn Bureau Chief William Mader: "It's a cruel world. Our sympathy is fully with the strikers, but we must be realistic."

One prominent American who did not mince his words last week was AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland. Declared the powerful labor leader: "Poland is on strike. They are our brothers." Within hours of that fraternal statement, International Longshoremen's Association President Thomas (Teddy) Gleason announced that his 80,000 members, who control all the docks on the East and Gulf Coasts, would refuse to load or unload any ships going to or coming from Poland. Gleason and Kirkland said they would soon contact international labor groups, particularly in Europe, in an attempt to organize a free-world boycott of Polish goods. Ironically the boycott effort threatened to inflict new damage on Poland's already reeling economy—and further reduce Gierek's ability to give workers the material benefits they crave

Whether Gierek could find a peaceful way out of the impasse, or whether it would all end in bloodshed and the rumble of Soviet tanks, one fact had clearly emerged from the angry cry of Poland's workers: 33 years of Communist rule had failed to crush the independent spirit of the Polish people. The Gdansk workers had also given the world fresh, moving proof that even in a repressive Communist society, people will take sizable risks to express their political will. The strikers further showed that no ideology can win a people's loyalty if it fails to satisfy their expectations for a decent life. "The government says this is a worker-state, where everything belongs to the worker," said one Polish strike leader last week. "Rubbish. It's just fiction. We don't want to run the government. We just want a decent life."

—By Thomas A. Sancton

A scene of everyday frustration: people lined up before store in Warsaw in hopes of purchasing scarce goods

Poland: A Three-Class Society

The government pretends to pay, the workers pretend to work

He is a typical Polish worker. Call him Jan. He lives with his wife Ewa and two children in a gray high-rise apartment complex at Ursynow, a suburb south of Warsaw. The flat has three rooms and a bath, which is often out of order because of faulty workmanship. Jan and his wife had to wait ten years to get the apartment. Most days Ewa rises first, before dawn, in order to catch a bus into downtown Warsaw and be in line at the meat market when it opens at 6 a.m. The early trip to town is annoyingly inconvenient but necessary: typically, their housing complex contains few shops and other services for its residents. When she gets to the market, she will usually have to wait for two hours before being served, and then will find little to choose from.

Jan is due at his job as a clerk in a government import-export company in Warsaw at 8 a.m.; his status as a white-collar worker means little, in fact, because the same frustrations are shared by all. The morning bus ride takes only 40 minutes, but the congestion at rush hour is suffocating. Thus he often rides with his brother, who finally got his new Polski-Fiat 126 after a four-year wait and at a cost of 170,000 zloty ($5,700)—roughly three times the average yearly salary. But a car too has its drawbacks. Gasoline is more than $3 per gal., and if something goes wrong on the car replacement parts are apt to be unavailable.

Even before the strikers downed their tools in protest against prices and shortages, life was not easy for most Poles. In the cities, such commonplace items as fish, cheese, eggs, butter, fruit, vegetables and toilet paper are often hard to find. "When something is available," says Jadwiga Kowalska, 46, a high school teacher from Poznan, "you rush to buy as much as you can because who knows when you can get it again."

Shortages may be the most obvious problem, but Poland's economic malaise cuts much more deeply. When the trains do not run, or the electricity goes off, or a project remains unfinished, the response by workers is a shrug of the shoulders and the disclaimer, *"To nie jest moja wina"* (It isn't my fault).

Instead, chronic complainers all, they blame Edward Gierek and the Soviets and tell bitter jokes to relieve the frustration. Like the one about the old woman who hobbles into a butcher shop and asks first for pork roast, then for lamb, then for veal. On being told that there is none, she storms out. "What a nuisance," gripes the first butcher. "Maybe," replies the second, "but what a memory she has."

FISHMAN—CONTACT

Worker at steel factory near Cracow stares into space

Standing up or lying down, the pay is the same.

The irony is that in the midst of shortages, almost everything is available—at the right price. Most Poles resort to an extensive black-market system where meat, food, clothes, jewelry, cars and appliances can all be had, provided the medium of exchange is not the zloty but the dollar, the deutsche mark or outright barter. Waiting time to buy a Polish-built Fiat can be shortened from four years to a few weeks if payment is made in dollars rather than zloty. The plumber, whose services are normally difficult to obtain, comes immediately if the bill is paid with a pair of nylon hosiery. Hard-to-get meats like veal are available, at six times the official price; wealthy nightclub patrons in Warsaw are occasionally pounced on by flashers who pull open their coats to offer for sale not their bodies but hunks of fresh meat.

The extensive black-market economy is condoned by the government. Desperate for Western currency, it allows citizens to maintain foreign currency bank accounts. More than 5 million Poles have such accounts, with estimated deposits of $400 million. The cash may be earned legally in various ways, sent in by relatives in the West or obtained on the black market. It can be deposited at 4% interest or spent in special hard-currency shops on imports and otherwise unobtainable Polish goods like high-quality vodka and clothing. Those who have no dollars can only go to so-called *komercyjne*, or commercial shops, where some items are available at premium prices, or to state stores, where prices are stabilized but long lines and bare shelves are the rule. Gripes one taxi driver "We now have three classes in this classless society. Those who have dollars, those who have zloty, and those who have neither dollars nor zloty."

To earn the extra cash and hard currency needed to live better, moonlighting is common. While most of the country's privately owned, small-scale businesses are efficiently run, slacking on the state job has become almost a national pastime. Grumbling over high prices, shortages, low pay and the lack of incentives, workers like Jan take long coffee breaks and live by the rule: "Whether you stand up or lie down, you get paid just the same." Or, as one worker puts it, "The government pretends to pay us a wage, and we pretend to work."

"After this year's flooding and low crop yields, many Poles have a premonition that things can only get worse," says Irena Lasota-Zabludowska, 35, an émigré from Warsaw, now studying at Columbia University in New York City. "People are beginning to say, 'This winter we're going to starve.' " In a society where the trade-off for the lack of individual freedom was to have been a steadily improving standard of living, the potential for a political explosion is always present. Explains Teacher Kowalska: "The mood in the country is worse than it was ten years ago, when Gierek came to power. There are greater shortages and higher prices. The system seems to have collapsed. We have made the sacrifices. But for what?" ■

LEBANON

A Dangerous Vulnerability

Israeli raids and internal feuds raise fears of a new blowup

Israeli Phantom jets screeched over the Litani River, pummeling Palestinian artillery positions with bombs and rockets. Strike troops assaulted 18 different guerrilla positions. In a dramatic foray against Beaufort Castle, once a Crusaders' stronghold, Israeli attackers and Palestinian defenders engaged in vicious hand-to-hand combat. One artillery barrage alone, against Palestinian encampments in the town of Nabatiye, dropped an estimated 2,500 shells. Said a survivor: "They came down on us like rain."

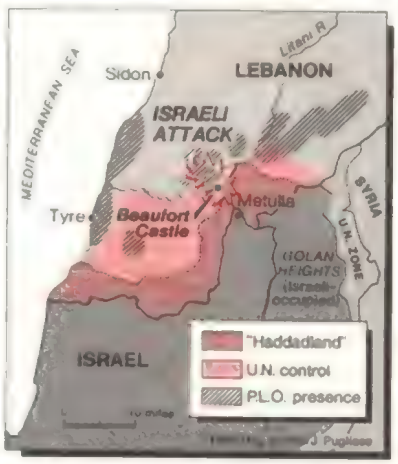
The five-hour strike, which the Israeli government called a "preventive measure," was the most severe assault against Palestinian positions in southern Lebanon in more than two years. As if to emphasize the significance of the attack, Prime Minister Menachem Begin, who is Israel's Acting Defense Minister, spent part of the night at command headquarters for the operation in the border town of Metulla. Coincidentally, the chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization, Yasser Arafat, was directing the defense both in the field and from his headquarters in Beirut. At the end of the raid, Israeli forces withdrew, claiming that they had killed at least 60 P.L.O. commandos and had destroyed twelve artillery pieces and five gun-carrying vehicles. The attackers' losses: a reported three dead, twelve wounded.

Hostilities continued for three more days as Israel and P.L.O. forces engaged in a prolonged artillery-*vs.*-aircraft duel. From its southern Lebanon positions, the P.L.O. fired a series of its Soviet-made Katyusha rockets onto an Israeli settlement in the Galilee panhandle. In response, Israeli planes launched another series of bombing runs against P.L.O. bases in Lebanon.

Coming on top of the Knesset's resolution formally annexing East Jerusalem, the Israeli raid roused a new wave of Arab anger and seemed to deliver another setback to the stalled negotiations on Palestinian autonomy. At the U.N. last week the Security Council, by a vote of 14 to 0 with the U.S. abstaining, approved a much revised resolution condemning Israel for seeking to change the status of the Holy City. Secretary of State Edmund Muskie, explaining the American abstention, chided the U.N. for making "useless pronouncements" and said: "We are absolutely and firmly committed to the success of the process begun at Camp David and its ultimate goal of a just and lasting peace throughout the region."

For its part, Israel responded with an anger that was directed at the U.S. as well as the U.N. A foreign ministry statement said that Israel "categorically rejects the resolution," which it termed not only unjust but further "proof that the U.N. has been turned into an instrument of Israel's enemies." Then Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir summoned U.S. Ambassador Samuel Lewis to express Israel's "disappointment" over U.S. failure to veto the resolution.

The Israeli strikes into "Fatahland" also dramatized the dangerous vulnerability of Lebanon, which is as helpless to fend off such external attacks as it is to control its own endemic sectarian strife. Beirut has been sliding deeper into its gloomiest mood since the civil war of 1975-76. Sniping attacks between armed rival gangs, unexplained explosions, mysterious abductions—the common currency of a city on the edge of anarchy—are on the increase. Shops close shortly after sundown, and the streets are nearly empty by early evening. Wealthy Lebanese have again sent their wives and children out of Beirut for safety. Says a leading businessman: "We are all waiting and wondering when the explosion will come."



The detonation that is widely expected is a fratricidal attack by Christian militiamen in east Beirut against Palestinian commandos in west Beirut. If the two armed camps come to blows, the Syrians might once again step in on behalf of the Palestinians, and Israel might act to help the Christians by sending troops or blockading parts of southern Lebanon.

The danger for wider conflict lies in the tragic reality that Lebanon—in the best of times an uneasy pastiche of disparate religious and political groups—is a cockpit of regional, not just local, antagonisms. The key rival forces:

▸ The Christians, mainly Arabic-speaking Maronites, who make up about 42% of Lebanon's 3 million population, control the eastern sector of Beirut and some 400 miles of northern hinterland. The Christians in Beirut are themselves divided, along feudal family lines, into two main warring factions—the strongly rightist Phalange, headed by 75-year-old Pierre Gemayel, and the slightly more moderate National Liberal Party of former President Camille Chamoun.

▸ The Israelis, who have been actively backing the Christian militias in Beirut with arms and training since the start of the civil war, apparently aim to keep the country divided and neutralized. Through a surrogate force headed by a maverick Christian officer, Saad Haddad, the Israelis also effectively control a buffer zone just inside Lebanon's southern border *(see box)*.

▸ The Palestinians, who are pitted

Prime Minister Begin compliments weary Israeli troops returning from raid into Lebanon

"They came down on us like rain," said one survivor of the shellings

Christian militiamen frisk passengers of car at roadblock north of Beirut

against the Christian militia, represent the fighting edge of a leftist, largely Muslim coalition that calls itself the National Movement. The Muslims, who probably constitute a majority of Lebanon's population—no one can be sure since there has been no census in 48 years—have been strongly influenced by the P.L.O. ever since the end of the civil war, when the Palestinians emerged as a powerful state within a state, controlling most of southern Lebanon.

▸ The Syrians, who have always taken a proprietary interest in neighboring Lebanon, still have 22,000 peace-keeping troops in the country. Most of the Syrian soldiers are in predominantly Muslim sectors, and Damascus has tended to support the Muslim-Palestinian cause. Syria also arms and trains one of the main P.L.O. guerrilla groups, Saiqa.

The new tensions stem from the aftermath of what the Lebanese have come to call the July 7 coup. In a decisive, three-day military showdown between the two main Christian groups, Gemayel's Phalangists virtually wiped out the army of Chamoun's National Liberal Party. More than 100 people were reported to have been killed in the savage fighting, in which tanks as well as artillery were used. As a result, the Phalangists emerged as the dominant Christian military force. Now there are fears that the aggressive Phalangists will try to parlay their conquest with an offensive against the Palestinians, whom they have always wanted to crush or expel from Lebanon.

Openly admitting that they are preparing for a "war of liberation," the Phalangists have been building up their well-armed militia core of 15,000, and claim they could field a total Christian force of 40,000, complete with artillery and 40 U.S.-made Sherman tanks supplied by Israel. For its part, the P.L.O., which also claims it can deploy a force of 40,000 men, has quietly moved 1,000 of its frontline commandos, supported by at least a dozen Soviet T-34 tanks, from southern Lebanon into west Beirut.

Phalangist Military Commander Bashir Gemayel, 33, who led the attack on Chamoun's Christian faction, is swaggeringly belligerent. "What happened on July 7 was an action [to prepare] to fight the [real] enemy, the Palestinians," says

Bouncer at Israel's Gate

In order to make their night assault on Palestinian bases in southern Lebanon, Israeli troops had to cross a strategic ribbon of land, some 47 miles long and averaging four miles wide, along their northern border. Presiding over this L-shaped strip is Saad Haddad, 42, a renegade Lebanese army major and a Christian. He grandiosely calls it "Free Lebanon," but "Haddadland," as it is irreverently known to some journalists, is actually supported by Israel as a buffer against infiltration by P.L.O. terrorists. TIME *Jerusalem Bureau Chief David Aikman entered Haddadland from the Israeli border town of Metulla. His report:*

"Free Lebanon" Leader Haddad

Once an amiable rendezvous for Arab and Jewish smugglers, Metulla (pop. 500) is now the focus of Israel's "good fence" policy with Free Lebanon. Each day, across the heavily fortified Israeli border come day laborers, sick children bound for Israeli clinics and expectant mothers eager to give birth in Israeli hospitals. Traffic in the other direction is mostly military. Israeli officers make daily visits to offer advice and encouragement to an unlikely ally. Explains one Israeli commander: "As long as the P.L.O. is kept out, we don't care if the devil runs Lebanon."

Israel has provided Haddad with millions of dollars' worth of military hardware for his 2,000-man militia. Haddad needs all the help he can get. P.L.O. 105-mm howitzers and mortars at Beaufort Castle regularly pound his headquarters in Marjayoun (pop. 14,000). Haddad also has to contend with an estimated 700 Palestinian guerrillas who have set up 40 outposts in the zone nominally controlled by UNIFIL, the 5,900-man U.N. observer force.

Haddad complains about the inability of the U.N. force to keep out the P.L.O.; meanwhile, his men have seriously hampered the peace-keeping effort by frequently firing on the U.N. troops. However, this harassment has lessened since Prime Minister Menachem Begin also became Israel's Defense Minister last May.

Haddad remains something of an enigma. In an interview at Bennt Jbail, a Shi'ite Muslim village three miles inside the Lebanese border, the stocky, smiling officer claimed to belong to no political party and seemed to have no interest in joining forces with the Phalangist militia in northern Lebanon. Said he: "My only ambition is to see Lebanon united and peaceful. I don't have a clear idea of what is going on in Beirut." For Haddad, the biggest threat to Lebanon is the Syrians; he fears they want to annex the entire country. "Take the Syrians out of Lebanon," he said, "and the P.L.O. will have retreated to the borders before them."

For the moment, Haddad is completely dependent on Israel's military and economic support. A group of his officers, gathered in Bennt Jbail for a briefing, wore Israeli khaki jackets with Haddad's Christian militia shoulder insignia; one was in jeans and several sported cowboy boots. About 70% of the people who live in Free Lebanon are Shi'ite Muslims; to the area's Christian minority of 33,000, Haddad is nothing short of a hero. In Marjayoun, several young militiamen gathered around pinball machines to talk about their leader. "We are so thankful for Major Haddad's presence here," said Chaamoun Abou Kassem, 18, a Greek Orthodox Christian. "It's very natural that the U.N. doesn't defend me as I defend myself. We have nothing against them, but we have to look after ourselves." In southern Lebanon, that is but one expression of the country's continuing agony.

Phalangist Chieftain Bashir Gemayel

Will they try to parlay a conquest?

the cocksure son of Phalangist Patriarch Gemayel, who is known as Sheikh Bashir. "The Palestinians have two-thirds of the country. We cannot free Lebanon of their domination while we engage in [our own] stupid quarrels. There can be only one military command, only one army for the Christians."

In a Palestinian-controlled sector of west Beirut, a leading official of the hard-line Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, Bassam Abu Sherif, counters with some contemptuous belligerence of his own. "We would love a confrontation with Bashir," says Abu Sherif. "If the Christian camp moves against the Palestinians and the progressives, their forces will certainly be beaten." He also cautions against the evident dangers of escalation. "We are sure Bashir is coordinating with the Israelis," he says. "It is very serious. In the coming months, the Israelis may feel they have a free hand."

Lebanon's own leadership, meanwhile, appears to be hopelessly unequipped to deal with a deteriorating situation. The 22,000-man Lebanese army has neither the training, the equipment nor the unity to step in decisively. President Elias Sarkis has been unable to find a Prime Minister capable of recruiting an effective Cabinet. Early this month, veteran Politician Takieddin Solh, 71, gave up the mandate to form a government. That left Selim Hoss, 50, a respected, long-suffering conciliator who has held the thankless post since 1976, still in charge as caretaker Prime Minister a month after his resignation. "The dimensions of our problem go beyond Lebanon, but we are forced to deal with it with local tools," Hoss recently lamented. "There is no solution for Lebanon unless there is a solution for the Palestinian problem—and that is not within our control." —*By Jordan Bonfante. Reported by William Stewart/Beirut and David Aikman/Jerusalem*

WEST GERMANY

Polemics and Poisonous Blossoms

And the "dirtiest ever" campaign has not even started

"A bitter, dirty fight," commented Political Analyst Rudolf Wildenmann. "Unprecedented political mudslinging," charged Christian Democratic Chairman Helmut Kohl. Munich's *Süddeutsche Zeitung* warned that "election polemics are producing poisonous blossoms."

Although campaigning for the Oct. 5 national elections does not officially begin until next week, a vicious war of character assassination, borderline libel, slanderous posters, films and campaign buttons has been raging for weeks in West Germany. Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, leader of the ruling coalition of Social Democrats and Free Democrats, has been smeared as a megalomaniac, a "war Chancellor" and a "tool of Moscow." His conservative challenger, Bavaria's Minister-President Franz Josef Strauss, has been dubbed a fascist, "a danger to us all" and "a prisoner of uncontrollable emotion."

Strauss, who heads the combined opposition of Christian Democrats and Christian Socialists, calls the campaign West Germany's "dirtiest ever." He has also taken the brunt of abuse, since his round face, bull neck and stocky shape delight cartoonists, and his flowery, right-wing rhetoric provides opponents with plenty of verbal ammunition. Strauss has long been a *bête noire* for many West Germans; his decision to seek the nation's most important political office has galvanized his enemies into a frenzy of mudslinging.

Schmidt's supporters—almost certainly without his approval—have put up wall posters depicting a smiling Strauss, slicing a salami labeled Freedom. Another poster shows Strauss as a butcher (he is a butcher's son), sharpening a knife under the caption, "Castrate all libertines." West German courts have outlawed a caricature of the burly Bavarian with a machine gun, and the caption line, "Strauss, the Hitler of today." Strauss is reportedly ready to bring defamation charges against a rock group for a song that contains the ugly refrain: "Franz Josef the pig, Franz Josef the old pig, Franz Josef the lusting swine." When a local prosecutor charged that the song was insulting to Strauss, the band is said to have retorted that Franz Josef was the name of its mascot—a cardboard cut-out of a pig—and that "any similarity to a living swine is purely coincidental."

Strauss's partisans are also capable of hard-ball politicking. In Bavaria, a few self-appointed goon squads, some sporting billy clubs, roam the streets, occasionally roughing up people caught defacing their champion's posters with Hitler mustaches and other graffiti. After Film Director Werner Schroeter reportedly suggested that someone should feed Strauss a bomb disguised as a sausage, the city of Augsburg withdrew his commission to stage an opera there. In Regensburg and Munich, some factory workers have been fired for wearing anti-Strauss buttons. An 18-year-old schoolgirl in Regensburg was expelled for refusing to take off her "Stop Strauss" button. Meanwhile, pens emblazoned with Strauss's party emblem were handed out in another Bavarian school—without protest. ■

Two views of Strauss: a weight lifter on cover of *Stern* and a salami slicer in poster

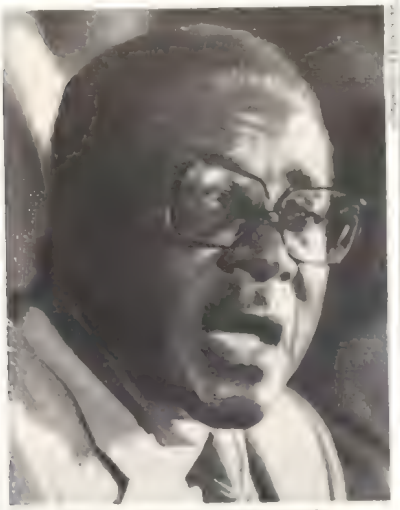
Right-wing rhetoric and a round face providing targets for his longtime opponents.

ZIMBABWE

A Soldier Faces His Critics

General Walls talks about his country's future

Prime Minister Robert Mugabe confronted a tough diplomatic task as he arrived in the U.S. last week for Zimbabwe's formal admission into the United Nations and a meeting with President Carter. Mugabe was seeking support in the international arena at a time when his four-month-old majority-rule government has hit some embarrassing snags at home. His Minister of Manpower, Planning and Development, Edgar Tekere, awaits trial on a murder charge. His former military commander, Lieut. General Peter Walls, faces possible prosecution as a result of a BBC interview critical of the government. Anxious whites, meanwhile, continue to leave the country at record rates of up to 2,000 a month in the face of sporadic lawlessness and the increasingly Marxist tone of official commentary and TV programming.



Prime Minister Mugabe: on the march

"We are not going to have disloyalty."

Whites were hardly reassured last week when Tekere walked out of Salisbury's Chikurubi Prison, where he had been held for 14 days on charges of murdering a 68-year-old white farm manager. Tekere, who is also secretary-general of Mugabe's Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU) party, was released on $75,000 bail after a white judge accepted the Prime Minister's personal pledge that Tekere would stand trial.

The court ordered Tekere to surrender his passport, remain in the Salisbury area, and avoid communication with state witnesses or the press. The self-proclaimed revolutionary, who enjoys a loyal following among the estimated 25,000 guerrillas still under arms, was allowed to resume his ministerial duties—a fact that led many Mugabe critics to charge that the judiciary was being politically manipulated.

Perhaps nothing has alarmed whites and heightened racial tensions more than the controversy surrounding General Walls. He resigned his command last month in the midst of a crucial effort to fuse the white-officered Rhodesian forces with the two guerrilla armies that had opposed them during the seven-year civil war, Mugabe's ZANLA and Home Affairs Minister Joshua Nkomo's ZIPRA. When Mugabe asked Walls to head the new integrated army in March, the Rhodesian-born soldier, 54, accepted the assignment with apparent enthusiasm; but he suddenly quit after less than four months and went on preretirement leave.

While visiting South Africa, Walls caused a stir with some frank talk to the press. He told a BBC interviewer he had sent British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher a message in March requesting that Mugabe's election be invalidated because of widespread intimidation by ZANU supporters. Walls also gave an ambivalent answer to a question about reports that he had considered a military coup in the event of an inconclusive election.

Zimbabwe ministers angrily accused the general of doing "incalculable harm" to Mugabe's efforts to achieve postwar reconciliation at home and win aid and confidence abroad. In a blistering parliamentary attack on Walls, Minister of Information Nathan Shamuyarira declared that the government "will not be held ransom by racial misfits" and invited "all those Europeans [whites] who do not accept the new order to pack their bags." Citing a story about the alleged coup plan in the London *Daily Express*, Shamuyarira said that the government was considering "legal or administrative action" against Walls. Added Mugabe, on his way to New York City: "One thing is quite clear—we are not going to have disloyal characters in our society."

Walls returned to Zimbabwe last week to face the gathering storm. "To stay away at this time would have appeared like an admission of guilt," he told TIME's Peter Hawthorne. Other points made by Walls during an hour-long interview in the garden of his Salisbury home:

On the alleged coup and other charges against him: I know nothing about a planned coup. It was mostly bar talk and talk among certain irresponsible politicians and their hangers-on. There is nothing, nothing, nothing that I know of on paper about any sort of coup. It was wild, irresponsible talk if there was anything at all. I've never claimed to be perfect, but I don't believe that anything I've said, if one takes the unedited record of it, was careless or irresponsible.

On his decision to retire: I stayed on because I decided that if we [white officers] all bailed out there would be a collapse. I had made no definite time period, and Prime Minister Mugabe had mentioned no definite time period. But I don't think a chap should be at the top too long, and I also thought I'd had a pretty long innings. Perhaps I could have achieved far more and would have been prepared to stay if I had been given more authority.

On his anti-Marxism: A lot of people in Zimbabwe are either putting their heads in the sand and saying, 'If we don't look, Marxism won't come here,' or else they are thinking it is much easier to lie down and accept it. Well, I can't do that. I'm not even saying that Marxism is definitely coming here. I'm just saying that I see the danger signs and am trying to thwart it

On the new Zimbabwe army: I think the fact that we are obviously beginning to make big strides in the integration exercise has diminished the chance of civil war. As far as ZANLA was concerned, I didn't have any problems working with them, but I wouldn't have any real respect for them as a disciplined fighting force. ZIPRA, however, had the same outlook on discipline [as the former Rhodesian forces], so there was instant obedience and intelligent implementation of orders.

Lieut. General Walls: on the defensive

"It was wild, irresponsible bar talk."

The integrated army can work. It's going to depend on who's running it. [My successor] has got to be somebody who has been declared acceptable to all the groups involved, and it has got to be a person with the experience and qualifications to do it. You can't get a civil servant to do it. You can't get a politician. It's got to be a soldier. ■

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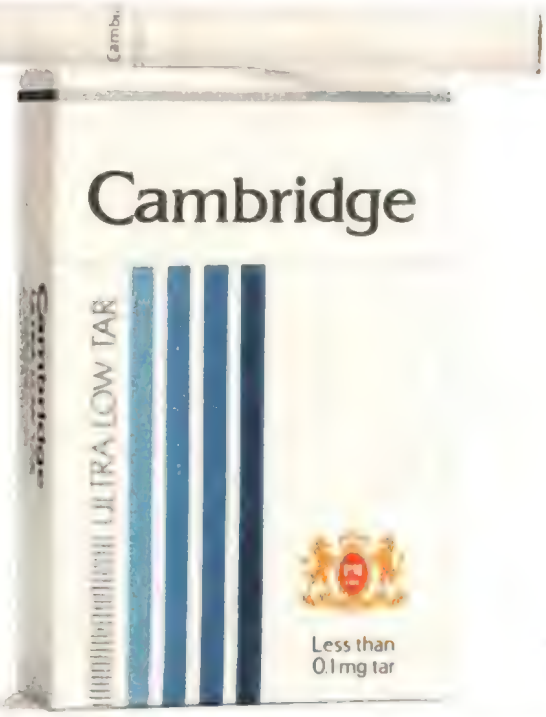

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An Interview with Ghotbzadeh

The Kremlin "wants us cornered and helpless"

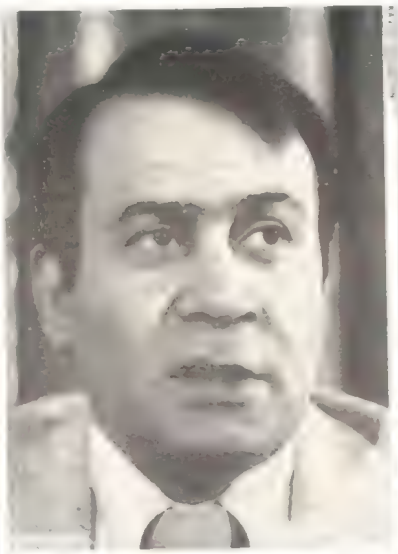
For all his harsh criticism of the U.S., Iran's highly visible Foreign Minister, Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, has actually been a moderating influence within his country's government. As new Prime Minister Mohammed Ali Raja'i was busy choosing his Cabinet last week, Ghotbzadeh sent an extraordinary letter to the Majlis (parliament), warning that a trial of the 52 U.S. hostages "would be against the national interest," and urging a speedy, negotiated resolution of the crisis. Since the Majlis is dominated by fundamentalist Muslims of the Islamic Republic Party, many of whom want to prosecute some of the hostages as spies, Ghotbzadeh's letter was both daring and provocative. One factor that allowed him to take such a stand is that he is a lame duck: he has pledged to step down as Foreign Minister once a Cabinet approved by parliament is named. In an interview for TIME *with a Tehran-based journalist, Ghotbzadeh last week spoke with unusual candor about his suspicions of Soviet intentions, his skepticism about the prospects for Raja'i's government, and other matters. Excerpts:*

Q. Did you volunteer to write the letter to the Majlis for the freedom of the hostages?

A. Nobody dared to break the ice. The Majlis wanted President Abolhassan Banisadr to write the letter. Already stung by his rivals, the President refused to comply. The buck went round again. The country matters more than a personal desire for vengeance. Thus I decided to shoulder the thankless task of resolving the hostage problem for them. I expressed my unqualified opposition to the idea of trying the U.S. hostages. Such trials, from any angle you look at them, are against our interest. Our main demand—the extradition of the criminal Shah to Iran —has become irrelevant. But obviously we cannot let the hostages go without first having the U.S. give us back what it has taken from us. There are many wrongs that have to be righted.

Q. What are you referring to? The Iranian money blocked in U.S. banks?

A. The $8.5 billion seized by the U.S. is ours. Its return to Iran needs no negotiation. Some U.S. companies have obtained court orders for freezing Iranian assets against debts which they claim we owe them. Such claims should be considered. If we really owe them money, we will pay it. By the same token, scores of U.S. companies have received fabulous sums for equipment and services they



have not delivered. Furthermore, U.S. companies have sold us industrial plants that they must, according to their contractual obligations, supply with raw materials and spare parts. We don't want anything more than we are rightfully entitled to.

Q. Do you mean you have dropped your claim to the Shah's wealth?

A. Not at all. The wealth the Shah plundered from Iran is ours without any shadow of doubt. According to the laws in force under the Pahlavi regime, the royal family as well as the Shah had no right to engage in business. And all transactions they made were laced with payoffs, coercion and illegal influence games.

Q. You have said the U.S. should also compensate Iran for damages inflicted by the Pahlavi regime.

A. These details must be negotiated. What matters, in the final analysis, is a clear, honest discussion of these problems. The best guarantee we can have for U.S. noninterference in Iranian affairs in the future is a thorough discussion, description and dissemination of the U.S. role in Iran. We want real independence. If common sense should prevail in Washington, [it would be recognized that] an independent, popular, grass-roots regime in Iran is the best option left for the U.S.

Q. How do you assess the problem of Iran's diplomatic isolation?

A. It stems, on the one hand, from the blind radicalism of our youths. They are revolutionary idealists out to put everything right overnight. On the other hand, the main culprit is the Tudeh (Communist) Party, which, at the bidding of Moscow, drives the young generation to political sabotage. The Tudeh has more than 50 years of experience in serving the Soviet Union as a trusted fifth column. And it is doing an excellent job today.

The Soviets are going to inordinate lengths to make sure Iran sinks deeper and deeper into international isolation. We have hostile governments on our common borders with Iraq and Afghanistan. The Kremlin, through its agents' propaganda, has also gone all out to create trouble between us and Pakistan, Turkey and the Persian Gulf nations. It wants us cornered and helpless so that, in desperation, we will turn north. Their policy is clear: to bludgeon Iran to its knees and then impose on it whatever conditions they want.

The Soviets engage in subversion, espionage and propaganda against Iranian government interests. But they never insult the Imam [Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini]. As I have often mentioned, the Soviets are no less satanic than the Americans. But they know how to avoid hurting the people's sensibilities.

Q. Will the clerical Islamic Republic Party, which controls the Majlis, moderate its policies when faced with the realities of power?

A. It must. Otherwise it won't be able to govern. The problem is that it has gone so far out on a limb in its quest for radical gestures that it will have difficulty regaining its poise. I am ready to help and I have proved it. Other politicians, I hope, will follow suit and give up the prevalent practice of scoring cheap points by blind, strident radicalism.

Q. What do you think of Mr. Raja'i, the new Prime Minister?

A. He is a good Muslim and devoted revolutionary. But he is incapable of running the country and ill informed about domestic and foreign affairs. His term as Minister of Education does not inspire confidence.

Q. How do you rate the chances of the new government's success?

A. If the hostage problem is solved, it will have some slight chance of success. Otherwise it won't get anywhere. ■

Carter's Plan for U.S. Industry

An election-year program of revitalized competition and tax cuts for 1981

Throughout the 1970s, the United States' position as the world's industrial powerhouse slowly diminished. Aging, inefficient factories and low productivity have made the nation less and less competitive in world markets. Now, business, labor, academic and government leaders are calling for the rebuilding of industry, a process often described by the catchword reindustrialization.

This week, in a ceremony in the East Room of the White House, President Carter is to present to a specially invited group of legislators, economists and businessmen his reindustrialization proposals. According to Presidential Press Secretary Jody Powell, the plan will be known as "revitalization, not reindustrialization, because we have got to go beyond reindustrialization."

This week's speech is likely to be the President's basic economic message for the election campaign. Carter will be attempting to offer a comprehensive economic plan to counter Republican Nominee Ronald Reagan's call for a 30% tax cut over the next three years and widespread reduction of Government regulation of business. The Carter proposal will focus on offering investment incentives to all industries and specific aid to those regions of the country that need technological overhaul, while charging Reagan with using a shotgun approach that will only worsen inflation.

The key segments of the Carter plan are expected to be:

Tax Cuts. Despite his strong opposition to any tax reduction before Election Day, Carter will recommend a tax cut of perhaps $30 billion, which will be effective next Jan. 1. As a means of stimulating business investment, the Administration will propose more liberalized tax write-offs for new spending on factories and equipment. The proposals could cost the Treasury up to $8 billion in forgone revenues next year. In addition, the President will propose a $14 billion to $16 billion cut in individual income taxes to offset the $15 billion Social Security tax increase that will occur in January.

JACK KIGHTLINGER—THE WHITE HOUSE

President Carter and advisers last week discussing the new policy over lunch

New Energy Programs. The White House will point

Rebuilding Down East

New England was once the cradle of U.S. industry, but in recent years it seemed on its way to becoming an economic graveyard. Burdened by the U.S.'s highest energy costs, dying markets and sky-high taxes, a steady stream of shoe, textile and lumber companies closed their doors or headed to more hospitable climes in the Southeast and West. New England first suffered the symptoms of economic decay, depression and disillusionment that have now become so common in American business.

Today, however, the six Northeastern states are riding out the recession with unaccustomed ease. Unemployment is 6.1% in Massachusetts, for example, as compared with a national average of 7.8%. Forecasters expect that the region's economy will decline by only about half as much as the U.S. generally. Says Lynn Browne, of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston: "New England is stronger in relation to the rest of the country than at any time since World War II."

New England has already achieved the reindustrialization that is the goal of the program President Carter will announce this week. In place of its once mighty, but now outmoded, industries, the region has built a new economic base, primarily on high-technology companies. Manufacturers of everything from medical equipment to minicomputers have been lured to the area by its supply of skilled labor and a bouillabaisse of local and state investment incentives. "There's a spirit of industriousness here," says Richard Berube, of Digital Equipment Corp., which employs 25,000 workers in Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. "There is more sensitivity by governments to the conditions that help business grow."

The Northeast's new prosperity is found in cities as diverse as tiny North Berwick, Me., home of a new Pratt & Whitney jet-engine-parts plant, and old New Haven, Conn., where G & O Manufacturing Co. is building a new $5 million automotive radiator factory. The most glittering showcase is the string of high-technology companies ringing Boston on the Route 128 beltway led by giants like Polaroid, Raytheon and Itek. Massachusetts' 300 hi-tech firms now employ 150,000 workers.

New Hampshire, the only state in the union with no sales or broad-based income tax, has been growing faster than any other Eastern state except Florida. More than one-third of its manufacturing labor force is now employed in technological industries. Exxon and Burroughs have recently bought land for construction of major new plants in Connecticut. "We were arrogant and half asleep for 25 years, allowing what we had here to be drained away," says Connecticut Economic Development Commissioner Edward Stockton. "Now we have incentives to encourage businesses to settle and stay here."

The region's state governments have made creative use of economic sweeteners. Lowell, Mass., founded in 1826 as one of the U.S.'s earliest planned industrial communities, slipped into business decline when the textile industry moved south

to the $25 billion in programs to promote U.S. energy production and conservation that are already part of this year's Synthetic Fuels Corp. legislation. In addition, the President will promise to spend heavily for mass transportation and upgrade rail and port facilities for shipping coal. Three weeks ago, Carter told a meeting of the National Urban League that these energy proposals alone would create "literally millions of jobs."

Research and Development. The Administration is preparing a number of programs for technological research that cut across several industries and that no single group of manufacturers can afford. The Government, for example, might assist research into the development of new kinds of metals to reduce dependence on foreign raw materials. Some Government spending could promote technological breakthroughs that might have commercial applications. Business would be expected to share the cost of these programs with the Government.

Regional Assistance. The Administration plans to channel some federal subsidies into specific regions of the country that have been hard hit by declining industries, foreign competition, expensive energy and inadequate investment. The first recipient of such assistance is likely to be the factory belt stretching from Pennsylvania to Michigan that encompasses the auto, steel and rubber industries. Financing would be channeled through an existing Government agency such as the Economic Development Administration. The EDA would invest in large-scale projects and help industries to modernize their factories and improve or change

TIME Chart by Karen Karlsson

their products in order to compete in world markets. Carter's economic renewal plan will probably also recommend the establishment of a national commission to be composed of representatives of Government, labor and business. This group would meet informally to discuss such issues as labor relations, investment and Government regulations for industry as a whole. One body already exists to discuss problems in the steel industry.

The experience of these tripartite groups has been mixed to date. Labor leaders find the concept appealing, although they would like such commissions to be policymaking rather than just advisory. Sociologist Amitai Etzioni, who coined the term reindustrialization and has done perhaps the most work on the subject, believes that three or four of these groups might be useful; but he is skeptical about their widespread use. Some businessmen, on the other hand, believe that tripartite committees offer the illusion of progress, but actually result in more bureaucracy and few changes.

Jimmy Carter has been under heavy pressure to propose an economic program because the dismal state of business appears to be one of his Administration's greatest weaknesses as the presidential campaign opens. But Carter received a bit of unexpected, though illusory, economic news last week: the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that consumer prices did not increase in July. That was the first month that the cost of living had not risen in more than 13 years. But experts quickly admitted that this was a statistical fluke. The cost of food, automobiles and medical care continued to soar, but that was offset by the 5.7% decline in mortgages. Thus the prices that most people pay most often are still rising.

A more ominous economic sign last week was the extraordinary fall in corporate profits. Between April and June, company earnings plunged 18.2%, to $129.3 billion, the third biggest percentage decline since World War II. This means that firms will not have much spare cash in the future to spend on new investments that would create jobs and help end the recession.

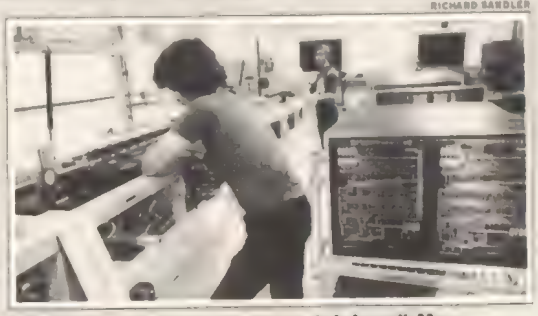
While the President put the final

after World War II. But Lowell decided to prime its own pump. It sold urban-renewal land to new companies for 25¢ per sq. ft.; then it lent them money at low rates to build new plants. Wang Laboratories Inc., one of the U.S.'s leading manufacturers of word processors, received a $5 million low-interest loan from the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development to build a $15 million office tower there.

While Massachusetts has to capture high-tech companies, other states are using different approaches. Vermont is trying to create new jobs without damaging its image as the scenic Green Mountain State. Says John Simson, director of the state's planning office: "We're not smokestack chasing. We are doing quite a bit to spread our manufacturing base." General Electric Co., for example, built one plant in Burlington, but its second new factory is in Rutland, 67 miles to the south.

Remote, underdeveloped Maine, which has little to attract computer makers, is emphasizing its traditional assets in natural resources and local energy. Boise Cascade is building a $254 million paper-mill expansion that will draw 40% of its energy from wood waste and hydroelectric sources.

Rhode Island is developing the former U.S. Navy base at Quonset Point, the first home of World War II's ubiquitous Quonset huts, into an industrial park. Some 95 companies are already in place, including General Dynamics' Electric Boat Division, which employs 4,500 workers making nuclear submarine components. Kenyon Industries, of Kenyon, R.I., closed its Rossville, Ga., plant in August 1979 and consolidated its textile-finishing operations entirely in the smallest state. Says Chairman David Curtis: "The change in attitude of the New England governments was certainly a factor. We feel that if we have a problem, the Governor and two Senators will listen."


RICHARD SANDLER
Microplating electronic circuit boards in Lowell, Mass.

New England has shown that the Snowbelt states can cast off their old industrial base. The skilled labor force has quickly adapted to different industries; and local and state governments realized that cooperation with business rather than confrontation was the answer to economic ills. Instead of clinging to dying and unprofitable businesses, New England has ensured its economic future by seizing industry's new technologies.

touches on his program, some rebellious Senators moved forward with their own plans. Led by Louisiana's Russell Long, the Senate Finance Committee last week approved a $39 billion tax cut. Under the Constitution, all tax legislation must originate in the House, but the adept Senators attached the tax cut to a minor House-passed bill that would allow the Foundry United Methodist Church of Washington, D.C., to import six bells duty free.

Under the Finance Committee approved legislation, business would receive an $18 billion tax reduction through substantially faster depreciation of investments in plant and equipment. Individuals would have an income tax cut of as much as $22 billion in 1981. The Finance Committee proposal would mean for each taxpayer an average saving of $303.

The Senate Committee's largesse, though, is not likely to move quickly into law. Congress adjourns Oct. 4 so that its members can begin campaigning for re-election. It is doubtful that the full Senate will vote on the church bells-and-tax cut bill before then. The House leadership has indicated that it plans to support the President and will block any tax cut before Election Day

Carter's new economic message has been carefully prepared and lobbied in an attempt to win as much election year support as possible. For the past three months, members of the executive committee of Carter's Economic Policy Group have been quietly lunching every other week with labor leaders and representatives from big and small business to discuss possible solutions to the U.S.'s severe economic problems. Originally, these lunches were intended to draw up programs for a second Carter term. But the deepening recession and the pressure of election year politics forced the President's men to shape those ideas into a plan that Carter could use right away.

The final round of consultations took place last week, when members of the Administration briefed seven important special interest groups: corporate representatives, municipal and state officials, leaders of trade associations, small businessmen, minorities, public interest groups and members of the financial community. Representatives of these groups met around a huge oval table in the somber, red-curtained Roosevelt Room in the White House. Said Presidential Aide Anne Wexler after the sessions: "All these groups will see some of their own ideas in the program, so there is sure to be a lot of support for it."

Not necessarily. Businessmen left the White House puzzled by briefings that lasted an hour and a half and remained blandly unspecific. Said one participant: "They will be marshmallow proposals, not substantive policy. I expect no bold tax initiatives, no bold regulatory initiatives." Many participants worried about the cost of the revitalization program. Though much of the plan involves repackaging existing programs, the Carter proposal is also certain to involve some additional federal spending

Any plans to rebuild U.S. industry must amount to more than just an election year slogan. Many leading sectors of the economy have fallen badly behind America's world competitors, and U.S. business, labor and Government leaders must recognize that the nation's economy can only be modernized by moving out of technologically obsolete fields and into the industries of the future. New England is already showing how one region of the U.S. has achieved this development *(see box)*. President Carter's reindustrialization program must thus be only the beginning of an effort to restore vigor to U.S. industry. After the cheering crowds of the presidential campaign have fallen still, the task of restoring American business to its former robust health will remain.

—By Julie Connelly. Reported by William Blaylock and Gisela Bolte/Washington

New Baby Bell

The phone company shake-up

Ma Bell is expecting. The announcement came last week as A T & T, the world's largest corporation, shuffled its management and company organization to prepare for the birth of an independent subsidiary. The new offspring, nicknamed Baby Bell, will battle IBM, Xerox and GTE's Telenet for supremacy in the burgeoning computer communications market. It will begin life as a giant with about 15% of Bell's $122 billion in assets, and by 1985 Baby Bell may be doing $10 billion worth of business.

The reorganization of A T & T is part of the Federal Communications Commission's plan to loosen Government control over the communications industry. Last April the FCC ruled that the phone company could enter the field of computer communications, from which it has been previously barred. But at the same time, Washington required that A T & T separate its new computer operations from its traditional telephone services. The new corporate structure will result in two almost separate companies, one to handle the regulated phone business and Baby Bell to sell the rapidly expanding array of equipment, from picture phones to computers, that tie in with the telephone lines. The FCC contended that without the separation, Bell could have used profits from its regulated phone service to subsidize new computer products and thus unfairly undercut its competitors

In order to simplify splitting itself in two, Bell is planning to gain more central control over its empire. It will spend $1 billion to buy out minority shareholders in four Bell System companies not already entirely controlled, including New England Telephone and Pacific Northwest Bell. The company will also set up a new wholly owned subsidiary, A T & T International, which will control all foreign operations

The upheavals at A T & T, though, are hardly over. The FCC has ordered the company broken down into two parts by March 1982, but the giant firm claimed that such a deadline was virtually impossible. Said the company in a petition to the commission: "This will be one of the largest corporate reorganizations ever carried out." A T & T's restructuring plan will not be totally carried out for about eight years. The FCC did not say last week whether it would give the company more time. Meanwhile, a computer industry trade group representing more than 50 companies that are fearful of the market power A T & T could have in their business has sued the FCC in an effort to block the birth of a bouncing Baby Bell. ■

Finding Shelter from the Storm

The loud proud cry: "We've never paid a dime in taxes"

Ronald Reagan saved roughly $4,500 in federal income taxes last year by declaring losses on his tax-sheltered ranch near Santa Barbara, Calif. While still a peanut farmer in 1976, Jimmy Carter so skillfully used Internal Revenue Service rules that he owed virtually no taxes on an income of $54,934.79. The President later voluntarily donated $6,000 to the IRS. And Ted Kennedy, who was railing against the abuses of tax shelters at last month's Democratic Convention, has much of his fortune tied up in real estate, which is considered the sugar daddy of shelters by many tax experts.

By fair means or foul, avoiding taxes has become a popular U.S. sport. Nicholas Murray of the investment firm of Shearson Loeb Rhoades estimates that queries about tax shelters have doubled in the past year. Says William G. Brennan, publisher of a tax shelter newsletter in Valley Forge, Pa.: "Because of inflation, more and more people keep landing in the 50% bracket, and that's what makes sheltering profitable." An estimated 2 million individual tax returns now fall into the 50% bracket with taxable incomes of $41,500 or above for single people and $60,000 or above for couples.

Tax havens are investments that enable people to generate paper losses to write off against their regular income, thus shielding the investor's cash from the full bite of the IRS. A person making $100,000 a year, for example, might sink $30,000 in a tax shelter that would lower his taxable income in the first year to perhaps $85,000. Since at least half of the $30,000 would have gone to the IRS had it not been sheltered, the investor really gets his investment at half price. And it usually continues to generate write-offs for several years. At the same time he enjoys the possibility that the shelter investment will later pay off.

The range of tax shelters is limited only by the ingenuity of the lawyers who often launch them. Donald Flynn, 44, who made a small fortune recently by selling his interest in a North Woodstock, N.H., data processing firm, now keeps the IRS at bay with his 42-ft.-sloop tax shelter. He paid $40,000 down on the $150,000 vessel last November and then put it out for charter. The sloop must show a profit two years out of five, but in the years when it loses money, the losses, including interest payments, insurance and upkeep, are deductible from Flynn's regular income. The IRS still permits him to use the sloop 10% of the time, and Flynn took an inexpensive eight-day cruise in the U.S. and British Virgin Islands last May. Experts estimate that 1,200 charter yachts that involve some tax dodges are cruising the waters off Florida, the Bahamas and the Caribbean islands.

Walter G. Hibbs, 42, whose oilfield tool companies in Houston earn him more than $100,000 a year, protects part of his income through a second business venture that leases air compressors to oil-well operators. The oilfield equipment benefits from complex tax credit carry-forwards and depreciation, thus accumulating losses that are used to offset his leasing-company profits. Says Hibbs proudly: "We've never paid a dime in taxes on those profits."

Congress originally permitted such tax shelters as natural resource exploration and development, public housing construction and equipment leasing in order to encourage investments considered socially desirable but financially questionable. Without the extra tax incentives, those ventures might seem so risky that few people would undertake them. But besides the legitimate shelters that Congress encouraged, hundreds of others have grown up that do little for the economy.

One currently favored gimmick involves buying, at wholesale prices, boxloads of Bibles for $5 each. After holding them for one year, the investor donates the books to charity and takes a tax deduction of $20 for each Bible, the value set by the original owner. Another shelter under attack involves buying lithograph plates of an obscure artist, which gives the owner the right to produce 300 or so limited-edition prints. The investor might pay for this with $30,000 in cash, plus $120,000 in a so-called nonrecourse note, which does not have to be paid unless the plates bring that much in sales. The investor claims depreciation deductions as though the plates were worth the full $150,000, even if no prints are ever sold.

Robin Moore, author of *The French Connection*, has agents peddling a tax shelter that involves buying an interest in five future novels by Moore and others. An investor puts up $20,000 cash and a $100,000 note due in ten years and gets to depreciate $115,000 on his taxes in the first three years. If the novels and anticipated movies are bookstore and box-office smashes, the investor will hit the jackpot. If they flop, though, the investor will still have to pay off the $100,000 note after ten years.

The favorite tax shelters, however, remain traditional real estate ventures and oil and gas exploration. Says Stuart E. Seigel, formerly chief counsel for the IRS and now a Washington tax lawyer: "Real estate investments tend to be more economically sound and assure tax benefits with no questions asked." Someone with $200,000 to invest might use the money for a down payment on a $1 million apartment complex. He would receive the rental income from the property, plus a tax credit because of depreciation on the $1 million building. The credit could then be used to lower his regular taxable income.

Energy exploration investments have become hot tax shelters recently because the decontrol of oil and gas prices has improved the potential payoff. In 1978 public investors put $670 million into oil and gas ventures. Last year that shot up to almost $1.1 billion. If the energy search is successful, the reward is a pot of gold. If the drilling turns up a dry hole, there is a generous tax write-off.

Whether the tax shelter is risky or conservative, the one almost certain payoff is an IRS audit of the investor's tax return. The Treasury Department has programmed its computers to watch carefully for people who report large tax shelter write-offs. Warns IRS Commissioner Jerome Kurtz: "Those people investing heavily in abusive tax shelters are looking for trouble with us." ■

Sailboats registered in Delaware resting in slips at Norwalk Cove Marina in Norwalk, Conn.

"Those people investing heavily in abusive tax shelters are looking for trouble with us."

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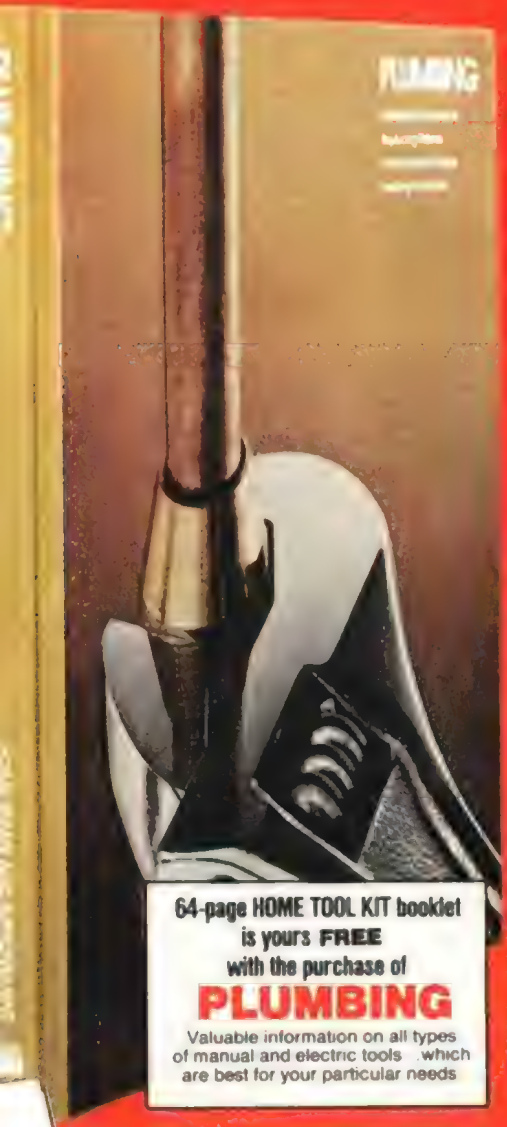

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FTC Report DEC. '79.

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The Change at David's Bank

At Chase Manhattan, the man on the spot was Rockefeller

For years the standing joke in banking circles was that Chase Manhattan Chairman David Rockefeller kept firing the wrong person. In his attempts to straighten out the nation's third largest bank, he should have let himself go. When Rockefeller became president in 1961, Chase was New York City's largest bank. But it was soon outpaced in both size and earnings by its aggressive rival Citibank.

Suggestions that Rockefeller should step down became so pointed that in 1977 he wrote a memo to the bank's vice presidents, stating that he intended to stay on as chairman until he reached mandatory retirement age in 1980. He added as a personal challenge: "I intend to make those three years the most productive of my career."

The departing chairman, left, in his office chatting with his successor, Willard C. Butcher

In 1977, he said: "I intend to make those three years the most productive of my career."

Though the banking community was skeptical, Rockefeller has done just that. When he leaves Chase at the time of the next annual meeting in April, the bank will be in good health. In the three years since he wrote that memo, Chase's assets have grown by $22.4 billion to $65.4 billion, and return on assets, the best measure of a bank's performance, soared ahead of rival Citibank in the first half of this year: 59¢ per $100 *vs.* 49¢.

David Rockefeller owns 1.7% of Chase Manhattan and is the largest individual shareholder of what is known along Wall Street as David's Bank. During 32 years at Chase, Rockefeller, the youngest of John D. Rockefeller's six grandchildren, floated effortlessly to the top, without ever having made a single loan or spent time as a teller.

Rockefeller's management of the bank in the 1960s and early '70s shocked New York financiers. Says one Wall Street analyst: "He ran Chase like an exclusive club. Bank officers tended to worry more about how many oils from the Chase art collection they had on their walls than about profits." Insiders complained that top managers seemed to be chosen for their tailoring and the virile timbre of their voices rather than for their administrative skills or financial savvy. Rockefeller appeared to be off frequently, polishing his reputation as a world statesman by visiting Yugoslavia's late President Josip Broz Tito or the Shah of Iran.

The results reflected the management. Return on assets slumped to a miserable 33¢ per $100. In 1975 the Comptroller of the Currency described the state of the Chase back-office operations like check-clearing services as "horrendous." And the bank suffered a series of heavy losses, including $50 million when the department-store chain W.T. Grant went bankrupt in 1976. That year the bank's bad loans reached a staggering $1.9 billion.

In the past three years, however, operations were automated, and Chase introduced such innovations for its customers as bill paying by phone and computerized tellers in some of New York's busiest stores. A group of new executives was recruited to replace some of the about 600 who had been fired. Lackadaisical loan officers became aggressive, and in August Chase led the Eurodollar market by participating in 46 major syndicated loans totaling $1.7 billion.

Chase has prepared for the 1980s with one of the youngest professional management teams of any major international bank. Heading it in April when Rockefeller steps down will be his hand-picked successor as chairman, Willard Butcher, 53, and Thomas Labrecque, 41, who will become president. Butcher directed Rockefeller's three-year operation to get the bank under control; Labrecque rose to the top by trimming the local branch network and then making it profitable.

Looking back on the past three years from his spacious beige-carpeted office on the 17th floor of One Chase Manhattan Plaza, Rockefeller told TIME Financial Correspondent Frederick Ungeheuer: "I helped to create a climate that has finally produced a really professional management team, which was essential to our success." Next spring Rockefeller will begin devoting his time to Rockefeller family foundations. The task there is giving money away, not collecting it. ■

Bread for China

Let them eat shortcake

Western palates have long feasted on such Chinese dishes as Peking duck and *dim sum*. Now, at last, the Chinese will be able to sample such sometimes questionable Western delicacies as white bread, doughnuts and perhaps eventually shortcake. The People's Republic of China next summer will open an American-style demonstration bakery in Peking. The goal: to give the Chinese a quick Western alternative to time-consuming products like boiled rice and hand-shaped noodles.

The $1.5 million bakery has been under discussion since November 1978, when Chinese officials told visiting U.S. Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland that they wanted to supplement their country's staples—rice, noodles and dumplings—with more convenient Western bakery products. Echoing the traditional complaint of the American housewife, the Chinese are concerned that workers spend too much time in the kitchen. Under an agreement reached last month, U.S. Wheat Associates will spend about $700,000 from grower contributions and Agriculture Department funds to equip the new Peking bakery.

Though introducing the Chinese to sliced bread might not improve the quality of China's cuisine, it is expected to help U.S. grain sales. Chinese imports of U.S. wheat, which totaled just 300,000 tons three years ago, could top 5 million tons this year. And if nearly 1 billion Chinese take a liking to hamburger buns or Danish, wheat exports could soar. The only problem may be that many people will complain that they are hungry again an hour after eating a jelly doughnut. ■

Full coal barges stalled at Lock and Dam 26 on the Mississippi River at Alton, Ill.

Coal Mainly Stands and Waits

Troubles galore getting the rich energy source to market

At sunrise one morning two weeks ago, Captain Kenneth Redden and his nine-man crew maneuvered the tugboat *Susan McBride* and her 15 barges, heading north to take on coal, into a mooring along the Mississippi River near Alton, Ill. For the next three days, Redden and his men watched TV and played cards, while waiting to get the vessels through the antiquated locks that are known as the Turnstyle of the Upper Mississippi.

Redden's delay was typical of the problems of transporting the U.S.'s largest potential source of energy. While experts predict that America's vast coal reserves could become a major alternative to OPEC oil and an important export product, the use of coal is being thwarted by the U.S.'s inadequate and outdated system of transporting the valuable black rock.

The U.S. has been discussing its great plans for coal ever since the first oil crisis seven years ago. Presidents since Richard Nixon have proposed legislation that would get the nation to use more coal, but in 1979 the coal industry mined only 770 million tons, 100 million below capacity. Despite President Carter's pledge at the June economic summit meeting in Venice to double coal production by 1990, this year miners are expected to dig only 815 million tons, an increase of 6%.

Even if it could get the coal out of the ground, however, the U.S. lacks the transportation network to move it rapidly and inexpensively. Coal already is piling up, waiting for barges, railroad cars or ships to carry it. Railroads haul 65% of coal, and the Department of Transportation estimates that the industry will have to spend about $12 billion by 1985 to replace ancient equipment and improve track roadbeds. Yet the railroads are reluctant to spend huge sums until they are certain that the demand for coal will remain strong. Says John Fishwick, president of the Norfolk & Western Railway: "We need long-term contracts if we're to put money into facilities."

Railroaders also argue that if they cannot earn a sufficient profit on a shipment of coal, they will be unable to invest the money needed to keep tracks and cars in good shape. Critics charge, though, that railroads often demand exorbitant rates in areas where there are no good alternatives for moving the bulky product.

Barge and port facilities are also insufficient. The export demand for steam coal in Europe increased by nearly 100% last year, yet buyers are unhappy about the delays in delivery. U.S. piers have little storage capacity, so that railroad cars stocked with the black stuff wait weeks to be unloaded. Port channels are neither large nor deep enough to handle the traffic. Through most of the summer there were about 50 colliers at anchor on any given day at Hampton Roads, Va., the largest coal port on the East Coast.

Eric Thibau, a commercial attaché of the French embassy in Washington, met on July 12 with Virginia Governor John Dalton and Senator Harry F. Byrd Jr. to warn them that France, which last year bought $180 million worth of coal through Hampton Roads, would take its business elsewhere unless the port is modernized. Said Thibau: "We are not so much displeased as surprised. When you think that the U.S. put a man on the moon, you'd think that it would have modern railroad and pier facilities. But the technology is 30 to 50 years out of date." Americans, who used to enjoy laughing at the French and their deplorable phone system and bumpy roads, will have to become accustomed to Europeans joking about overaged U.S. transportation facilities. ■

A & F Lives

Elephant guns go for $40,000

The self-proclaimed "greatest sporting goods store in the world" is back. Abercrombie & Fitch's classy clientele included heads of state from Theodore Roosevelt to King Hussein, and its bison suede coat, for example, was considered a steal at $2,000. A & F, however, slid into bankruptcy three years ago after a long battle with less prestigious, but more practical, retailers. Now Houston's Oshman's Sporting Goods has bought the firm's name and mystique, and this week it is opening in Dallas the first full-size new Abercrombie & Fitch store. Oshman's already has plans for A & F to return within two years to a new location in Manhattan, where the store began servicing the elite of sport in 1892.

Oshman's Chief Executive Alvin Lubetkin says he is convinced that there is still a market for the exotic fare that made A & F celebrated. The Dallas store has already stocked up with a $350 rhinoceros-shaped leather hassock, $300 pipes made from bruyère roots and $40,000 elephant guns inlaid with gold and platinum. A discriminating car collector can pick up a new version of the famed Abercrombie Runabout sports convertible for $20,775. If any buyer cares, the car gets a surprising 25 m.p.g. on the highway.

While fostering its links with the past, Oshman's will also try to broaden A & F's appeal to the higher reaches of the middle class. The failed A & F's marketing strategy was to expand its range of upper-crust products beyond sports goods into general clothing. The new A & F will try to be both trendy and traditional, but stick to sporting goods, sportswear and glamorous gifts. It will carry a full line of jogging togs and roller skates in addition to the elephant guns. Says Lubetkin: "We're going to make A & F *the* store for the active and adventurous person." He sees it as the kind of place in which Teddy Roosevelt would have shopped. ■

New Abercrombie Boss Alvin Lubetkin

New Wrinkles from the Kinks

A hardy British perennial blooms once more

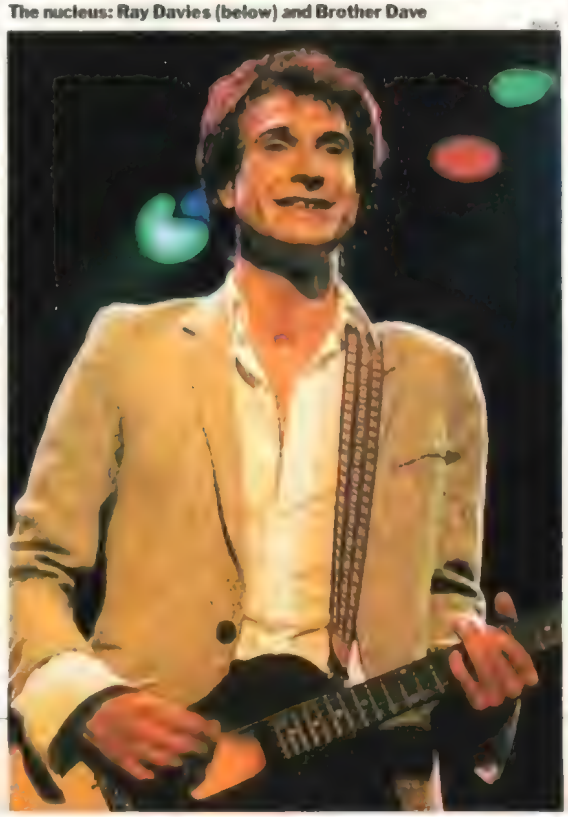
The Beatles reached for the sky. The Rolling Stones aimed at the crotch, and the Who went for the throat. The Kinks, shaking their collective cap and bells, drew a bead on the funny bone.

And endured. Indeed, flourished. Their new album, *One for the Road*, a loopy, hard-driving souvenir of a 1979-80 concert tour, has settled down comfortably in the higher altitudes of the Top 40, and these hardy perennials of British rock's golden age have just embarked on a two-month concert tour of the States. All this is ample testament to the surprising staying power of their antic stagecraft, dishevelled musicianship and—particularly—to the cheeky satire and sideways poignancy of Ray Davies' music.

Davies, lead singer, composer and prime mover of the Kinks, has always been a jester who sings as if he enjoys a good joke, a long cry and a stiff drink, sometimes all at once. Early Davies songs such as *A Well Respected Man* and *Dedicated Follower of Fashion* were sardonic assaults on both sides of what was then called the generation gap and what now seems less like a chasm than a split but sewable seam.

While the appropriate stitching was begun in the late 1960s, Davies and the Kinks (including his brother Dave on lead guitar) turned to more reflective projects that became overly elaborate. In his patented style of calculated offhandedness, Davies set to musing on that S.R.O. spectacle, the sunset of the British Empire. This is the longest twilight in recorded history, and Davies caught a little of its irony and much of the social contradiction and poignancy in songs like *Muswell Hillbilly* and *Victoria*, which voiced such self-mocking nostalgia as "Long ago life was clean/ Sex was bad and obscene/ And the rich were so mean/ ... Victoria was my queen." But the subject was ultimately too vast, too tough to focus and hard to contain. A three-record concept album called *Preservation*, released in 1973 and 1974, showed Davies burrowing into already familiar territory with a concentration that smacked of desperation.

"I was experimenting with new songs and ideas and shows on the road," Davies says now. "We found ourselves virtually going out with a theater show called *Preservation*. It was a hit show, but the album wasn't. I was really writing original cast albums, not rock albums." When the Kinks switched record labels four years ago, they decided, in Davies' words, "to become a rock band again and let the music tell the story." His more recent tunes, like *(Wish I Could Fly Like) Superman*, *Low Budget* and *Catch Me Now I'm Falling*, have the same spiky stance and cutting edge as the best vintage songs, with a new infusion of energy.



The nucleus: Ray Davies (below) and Brother Dave

This music has found a wider, warmer audience of late in the U.S., a curious state of affairs when Davies' songs still seem so much like contemporary pub anthems. "We've really worked hard in the U.S.," he explains. "Played everywhere nearly. Built up a following of new fans without discarding the old." The loyalists sometimes reflect their affection in typically eccentric Kink fashion. A group of Cleveland fanatics bought a block of tickets, then, as Davies suggests, deliberately missed the show just to keep the band humble.

Ray and his wife Yvonne now spend much of their off-time in a New York City apartment. Brother Dave is still British-based and still the archetypal younger brother smarting under the domination of his sibling. "I had him down the other day, and he was understanding of my situation," Ray reports. "But it's the fact that it might all erupt at any moment that keeps us going." But prosperity does not bring complacence. "I'm a bit down on my songs at the moment," Davies grouses. "I don't like them at all." Kinks concerts are perfectly in tune with this restless, never satisfied spirit. The Kinks are notorious for playing footsie with disaster, often featuring various combinations of festering fraternal rivalries and chaotic musicianship. Kinks fans love it all. "It is something in the band they can all relate to," Davies says proudly. "Flaws."

The best thing about *One for the Road* may be that—flaws and all—it is even better to watch than listen to. Hi-fi meets sci-fi. Kink crazies can snap up a record, then clip the coupon that comes with it and send off for a video tape that shows the lads in full cry. Recorded during a live performance in Providence, the tape is, in fact, a visual précis of *One for the Road*. Good shooting, good sound and dexterous editing (supervised by Ray Davies) make it not so much a companion to the record as a necessary adjunct: music that you can see. There could be a lot more of it to come.

The Kinks package is not the first to link vinyl and video tape, but it is the first to reach the market. A previous try spotlighting Blondie, the only socially acceptable punk outfit, was withdrawn when union negotiations prevented release of the tape. The new tape, marketed by TIME-LIFE Video, costs $39.95 retail. For anyone with the ante, and a taste for some high-spirited, high-stepping rock, *One for the Road* is one of the more notable music events of the year. It is a tidy audiovisual chronicle of fierce, reckless endurance, a gone-to-hell charm that is distinctively, and triumphantly, Kinky.

—*By Jay Cocks*

Joyful and mournful faces in the crowd at the Clown, Mime, Puppet and Dance Ministry Workshop in New Orleans

Becoming Fools for Christ

Clowning as an aid to holy ritual and service

On the darkened stage, a white-faced clown with bulbous nose, orange woolen wig and baggy red-and-white costume sits at a table reading a large book marked Bible. He eats from a box of popcorn as big as a milk crate. Beside him two mimes in blue leotards do their silent best to act starved. When the clown notices, he merely makes the sign of the cross and calmly resumes reading—and eating. Now a large banner unfurls upstage saying FEED THE HUNGRY! At last the clown gets the message and hands small bags of popcorn to the mimes. They give the bags to two members of the audience, with gestures to indicate that each is to put a piece of popcorn into the mouth of his neighbor and embrace him, then pass on the bag so the neighbor can do the same. Soon the audience of 200, nearly all dressed as clowns, is busy munching and embracing.

The audience has just completed a two-mile parade through the Garden District of New Orleans, to the beat of 63 Dixieland tunes belted out by the ten-piece Olympia Brass Band. Children gawked and grownups dropped their weekend chores to watch. One woman clown clad in green and white greeted a bemused bystander with a blue balloon and a smacking kiss on the cheek. Another clown in a striped T shirt and psychedelic wig paused from time to time to give lawnmowers, car windshields, even a motorcycle policeman's helmet a few flicks with his bright red feather duster. Along the way, the clowns stopped off at two hospitals, a mental institution and a nursing home, where they dispensed balloons and hugs to sad-eyed children and old people.

It was not a bizarre come-on for Barnum & Bailey. Not at all. The 200 clowns were a congregation. The popcorn passalong was part of a two-hour Christian Communion service conducted entirely in mime and gesture by the Rev. Floyd Shaffer, the red-and-white clown, who is really a Lutheran minister from Roseville, Mich. Both services and parades were among the highlights of a weeklong workshop on the use of clowning, mime, puppetry and dance in Christian worship and ministry that attracted some 350 people to the campus of New Orleans' Loyola University. More than 400 attended a second gathering earlier this month in Ithaca, N.Y. The participants spent their time learning how to juggle (concentration is more important than coordination), sew costumes and master the techniques of clown makeup (lots of powder after applying each color prevents smears). They also studied ventriloquism and went to serious lectures by the leading clerical exponents of Christian clowning. "We estimate that about 20% of the participants are ministers or priests," says Tom Nankervis, director of the United Methodist Church's Office of Communication Education, one of the agencies sponsoring the workshop. "And nearly all the people here are very active in their church."

The Rev. Floyd Shaffer in (and out of) costume

The clergy clowns find a theological justification for their unusual ministry in the injunction of St. Paul to the Corinthians to become "fools for Christ's sake" because God has "made foolish the wisdom of the world." They discern multilayered analogies between the clown and Christ: the clown's joy in living and mimed delight in simple things, like the scent of a flower, for instance, recall Jesus' command to "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." The simplicity and childlike persistence of the clown can have a special meaning for Christians. "The

clown refuses to accept the limits of the possible," explains Tim Kehl, a professional clown and magician who is also a United Church of Christ minister. "A clown will insist on riding a bicycle whose wheels are out of kilter or trying to walk a slack tightrope. Sooner or later, he will succeed—to the great delight of the audience. The Resurrection of Jesus is the supreme example of God's refusal to accept the limits of the possible." Through love, the clown, like Jesus, can transform the ordinary into the sacred. At the Last Supper, ordinary bread and cheap table wine became eternal symbols of Jesus' love and sacrifice. At Pentecost, a group of illiterate fishermen were turned into inspired preachers who could speak to every man present in his own language. "Isn't that Christ's message," asks Shaffer, "that even ordinary people can become divine through his love?"

Clowning for Christ advocates point out that their approach is not a new gimmick but the revival of an ancient tradition. Clowns often had an important role in medieval church services: they played the part of "holy interrupters," popping up to illustrate a theological point through mime, magic or even mockery. Gradually, however, they began to satirize the church and secular society. "This did not make clowns very popular," Shaffer notes. They fell out of favor with the church and eventually were declared satanic. Thereafter clowns kept to the secular world of the circus—at least until their current revival.

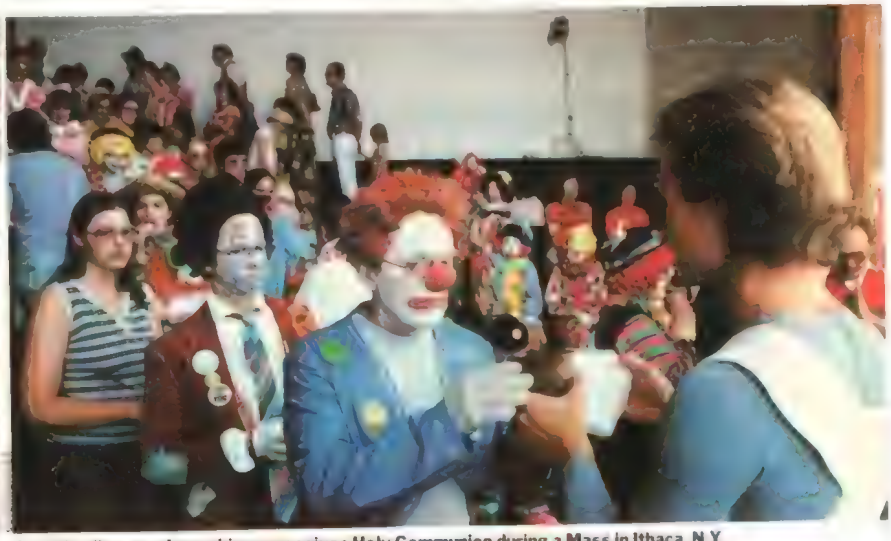
Today there are 3,000 clown ministry groups in the U.S. who put on big noses and suits of many colors in order to serve God. Yet it was only seven years ago that Methodist Minister Bill Peckham organized one of the earliest clown ministries in Elkhart, Ind., among the young people of his parish. Calling themselves the Holy Fools, they began visiting hospitals, mental institutions and nursing homes, where they fanned out to chat with individual patients, occasionally performed short skits or magic tricks and made balloon sculptures. Often they just talked quietly with a patient, held or hugged him. As one clown explained: "Sometimes when we don't say so many words, the Word comes through more clearly." They had such success at reaching out to withdrawn, sick and lonely people that the idea quickly spread. Peckham now estimates the number of Holy Fool groups alone at 2,000 of the total 3,000. There are even Roman Catholic clowns. Says Father Nick Weber, a Jesuit priest and a clown whose ministry is an itinerant sidewalk circus: "If you make believe, the chance for belief is heightened."

Precisely because the clown is so childlike and unthreatening, he invites confidences. In a clown's presence people feel free to admit how vulnerable they are, how much they need help. "We've seen some remarkable things happen in mental health centers, where people previously unable to trust another human being have responded to a clown," Peckham told TIME Correspondent Steven Holmes. The Holy Fools also find that when it comes to liberation the clown costume works both ways. Dressed as clowns they feel free to engage in behavior that would normally be beneath their dignity, even acutely embarrassing.

As a disarming adjunct to ritual, clowning can be dramatically effective. It also has broad usefulness in therapy and pastoral work. But in a country that tends to turn everything into show business, anyway, it has some dangers and drawbacks. In liturgy it may be inappropriate to the solemn mysteries of Christian teaching. Besides, as Shaffer warns, a clown for Christ may get lost in show biz, forgetting that the message is what matters. Adds Peckham, unwittingly echoing what the clowns of the Middle Ages learned: "It is very tempting just to be in the spotlight, to have applause." ■

A juggler diverts an elderly audience of one

A courtly greeting for a lady with a cane



A motley line-up of worshipers receives Holy Communion during a Mass in Ithaca, N.Y.

Clown makes contact with a passer-by

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Religion

Married Priests

Now the U.S. will have a few

Back in 1534, Henry VIII broke with Rome and created the Anglican Church because he wanted to get rid of a wife and the Pope would not let him. Now, nearly 1,000 former Episcopalians, breakaways from the American branch of Anglicanism, have won permission to sign up with Rome again, and under special conditions. They had broken with the U.S. Episcopal Church, mainly over its recent decision to ordain women priests. Among the dissident Episcopalians were 65 ministers, many of them married. But how could they become Roman Catholic priests in the U.S. and still stay married?

Though the Vatican is against marriage for priests, a position that Pope John Paul II has lately been at pains to reinforce, outside the U.S. there have always been exceptions to the rule. Some priests have been, in fact, ministers from other religions who had converted. In some Eastern Rite Catholic churches, married men can become priests, though almost never bishops. In the U.S., by contrast, married priests, converts or not, are virtually unknown. But last week Archbishop John Quinn, president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, announced a startling decision. The ex-Episcopal priests will be individually evaluated by the Vatican, and if widowed, they will not be permitted to remarry, but they can become Catholic priests and remain married.

The announcement set off some sniping among Episcopalians about "stealing other people's sheep." A number regarded the decision as a setback in the negotiations to bring the Anglican and Roman churches together again; Rome had not consulted much with the Anglican or the Episcopal Church on the issue. But, said an Anglican spokesman in London: "I don't see any unusual ecumenical problems being created."

From an ecumenical standpoint, the most provocative aspect of the matter was the National Conference of Bishops' statement that these converts could become Catholics while keeping "some elements" of the Anglican tradition. Just what that might mean has yet to be worked out. To some the phrase seemed to hint at their retaining the use of the 1928 Episcopal *Book of Common Prayer*. Vatican sources told TIME, however, that the *Book of Common Prayer* could "scarcely be used in the Mass." But the concession might refer to such services as morning and evening prayer, which are not part of regular worship for Roman Catholic laymen. Historically, the church has permitted exceptions to the Roman rite of the Mass when they derive from traditions of great richness and antiquity. ■

Bologna, hot dogs and bacon stay preserved and pink, thanks to the additive

Medicine

No Nitrite Ban

A cancer link is questioned

For a while, the headlines sounded like a rerun of the saccharin story: LABORATORY TESTS INDICATE COMMON FOOD ADDITIVE CAUSES CANCER . . . GOVERNMENT PROPOSES BAN . . . PLAUDITS FROM CONSUMER GROUPS, PROTESTS FROM FOOD INDUSTRY . . . PUBLIC CONFUSED. But this time, the chemical in question was sodium nitrite, a preservative widely used in meat, poultry and fish. Added to $14.5 billion worth of food yearly, mostly processed items like bacon, sausages, hot dogs and cold cuts, the substance not only prevents the growth of botulism-causing bacteria but also gives these foods an appetizing pink color.

Two years ago, Paul Newberne, a food scientist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, reported disturbing findings from a study involving almost 2,000 rats: 13% of the animals fed a nitrite-rich diet developed lymphatic cancer, compared with only 8% of rats fed normal diets. That prompted the Food and Drug Administration and the Department of Agriculture to announce plans to phase out use of the substance for human consumption. Packers blasted the proposal as unnecessary and ill-advised. They warned that it would lead to more cases of food poisoning and drive up costs.

The food processors apparently had a point. The Government last week announced that pathologists examining 50,000 slides of tissues taken from the rats could not confirm the study's conclusions. The reviewers found that some cell abnormalities had been mistaken for cancer and that some cancerous lesions were of a type that occurs spontaneously in rats and has no human equivalent. Thus, said the FDA and USDA, "there is no basis to initiate any action to remove nitrite from foods at this time."

Although industry groups hailed the statement, nitrite still does not have a completely clean bill of health. During cooking or digestion, the additive can combine with other chemicals to form nitrosamines, which have been definitively shown to induce cancer in laboratory animals. Consumer groups continue to fight for a ban, contending that the risks from nitrite are still unknown and that the additive is unnecessary. Says Ellen Haas, of the Washington, D.C.–based Community Nutrition Institute: "There are a lot of good bacon products on the market that are 'no nitrite,' and there has been no incidence of botulism. You just keep the food refrigerated, like milk."

The Government in the meantime intends to continue efforts to reduce nitrite use and is asking the National Academy of Sciences to evaluate all existing data about the chemical. But speaking with reporters, FDA Commissioner Jere Goyan showed a studied calm about the chemical. Until we know more about the additive, he said, "we should eat a well-balanced diet and not be concerned about moderate amounts of cured meats." As for himself, he admitted: "I had a hot dog for lunch." ■

Victims of Heat

The poor and the old (65 plus)

Under a scorching sun, temperatures hung in triple digits this summer for as long as a month in some places, prompting a wave of press stories about 1,000-plus deaths resulting from the heat. The headlines may actually have been too cool. The Atlanta-based Center for Disease Control has now verified 148 such deaths during July in Kansas City alone. About 450 people received emergency care in hospitals, and untold numbers consulted private physicians.

The heat's chief victims were the poor and the old. The median age of those who died in Kansas City was 73 (72% were 65 or over). The death rate in low-income areas was 9.6 per 10,000, *vs.* .09 in wealthy districts. Apparent reason: the well-off elderly were not only healthier to begin with, but better supplied with fans, air conditioners and other aids to keep body temperatures below the 105° F (40.6° C) or so that helps trigger heat stroke. ■

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Suicide Belt

Rates up for affluent teens

The 20-mile stretch of lakefront along Chicago's suburban North Shore is one of the richest areas in the nation, with family income of $60,000 a median. Teenagers there grow up in well-manicured neighborhoods, attend first-rate colleges and flaunt the trappings of affluence; many drive around in Mercedes. Yet for such youths, there is trouble in paradise. Among local therapists, the area is known as "the suicide belt." In a 17-month period ending last summer, 28 teen-agers took their own lives. Eighteen died by gunshot, eight by hanging and two by lying down in front of trains.

Nationwide, suicide is now the third leading cause of death among youngsters ages 15 to 19, ranking just behind accidents and homicides. In 1977, the last year for which figures are available, 1,871 teenagers in that bracket killed themselves, a 20% increase in one year and a 200% increase since 1950. In affluent areas the rate of increase is higher. One cluster of ten suburbs on Chicago's North Shore now leads the state in teen-age suicides, with a 250% increase in the past decade. This is true despite various community efforts to curtail the upsurge. Among them: training programs for schoolteachers and social workers in suicide detection and prevention, seminars and discussion groups for parents and children, and 24-hour "hot lines" such as the one maintained by Chicago Psychoanalyst Joseph Pribyl, which receives more than 150 suicide-related calls a month.

"We have an outrageous number of suicides for a community our size," says Laurie Pfaelzer, 19, of Glencoe, who knew one student who slit his wrist and two who ran their cars into trees. "Growing up here, you're handed everything on a silver platter, but something else is missing. The one thing parents don't give is love, understanding, acceptance of you as a person." Adds Isadora Sherman of Highland Park's Jewish Family and Community Service: "People give their kids a lot materially, but expect a lot in return. No one sees his kids as average, and those who don't perform are made to feel like failures."

Still, suicides are hardly limited to students who cannot keep up academically or socially. The death of Rhonda Alter, 19, an attractive, intelligent and popular student who hanged herself last year, sent shock waves through Winnetka. "She had everything going for her, and no sign anything was wrong," says her teen-age brother. Last week a Winnetka resident overheard two youngsters coolly talking about suicide, "just like they were discussing what kind of socks to buy." Says he:

Psychiatrist Giffin in her North Shore clinic
Like discussing what kind of socks to buy

"I'm convinced that intelligent kids are most likely to commit suicide. They carry around burdens beyond themselves and feel frustrated at the lack of solutions."

Television, according to one theory, leads children to expect quick answers and undermines their ability to tolerate frustration. Says Psychiatrist Mary Giffin, who treats depressed teens on the North Shore: "Programs present serious problems and solve them in half an hour. Life just doesn't work that way." Other experts blame the breakdown of the extended family, the rise of a narcissistic culture and the post–Viet Nam disillusionment with politics. "To some extent, the epidemic of adolescent suicides can be traced back to Viet Nam," says Chicago Psychiatrist Harold Visotsky. "Young people became disillusioned with the magic of government, and this extended to all institutions, including the family."

But why should the suicide rate be so high among the well-to-do? Says Visotsky: "People on the lower end of the social scale expect less than these people. Whatever anger the poor experience is acted out in antisocial ways—vandalism, homicide, riots—and the sense of shared misery in the lower-income groups prevents people from feeling so isolated. With well-to-do kids, when the rattle goes in the mouth, the foot goes on the social ladder. The competition ethic takes over, making the child feel even more alone. He's more likely to take it out on himself, not society." The '60s may have held down the teen-age suicide rate by providing a sense of community, built around drugs and opposition to Viet Nam. "But even that's gone," says Los Angeles Psychiatrist Irving Berkovitz. "There's nothing to distract a teen-ager today." ■

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Frosh Breeze

THE STUNT MAN
Directed by Richard Rush
Screenplay by Lawrence B. Marcus

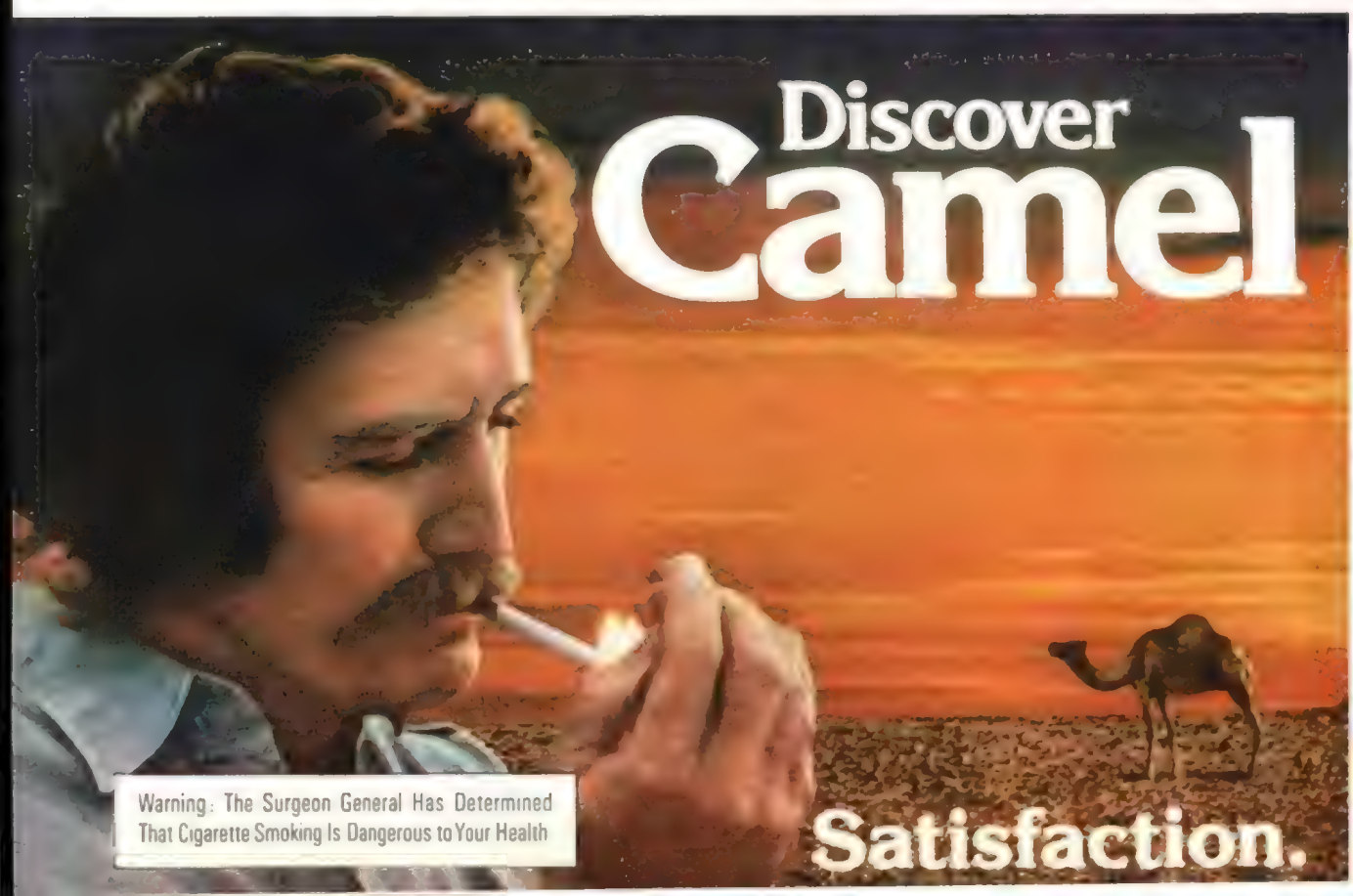
The best thing about this film is that it has the courage of its own pretentiousness. This may seem dim praise, but it is not. *The Stunt Man* is not so much sophomoric, with its implications of false sophistication, as it is freshmanic: the movie delights in the play of ideas and in its own unsuspected ability to play fast, loose and funny with them. It is refreshing to see a movie that sends ideas instead of autos crashing head-on

The story concerns Lucky Cameron (Steve Railsback), on the run from the police, who stumbles upon a movie company on location. Eli Cross (Peter O'Toole) is a fine parody of an energetic, egomaniacal director. He offers Lucky a change of identity on high-risk terms, take over the stunt man's job recently vacated by a chap who may or may not have been sent to his doom by the director's pursuit of a terrific death scene. In return the young man will get protection from the police. Cross is as good as his word in the matter, but before the happy denouement he puts Lucky through a sort of Berlitz course in existentialism. In his Godlike role, Cross redefines the stunt man's reality for him every day, thus forcing the youth into a perpetual state of imbalance, where he must constantly re-examine his own premises. Is the leading lady (Barbara Hershey) falling in love with him, or is she playing with him on cue? Is Cross really protecting him, or is he just a conveniently anonymous, expendable bit of cannon fodder in Cross's battle to make a masterpiece? Is the film—allegedly an antiwar tract—a serious enterprise or just a moviemaker's ego trip?

Peter O'Toole in *The Stunt Man*
An energetic, egomaniacal director

Who knows? Who cares, finally? The fun lies in the journey. It is a trip of constantly shifting perceptions and sharply etched satirical sketches of movie types (the anxious writer, the stars in constant need of reassurances and some good lighting, the crew members variously laconic, envious and nymphomaniacal). It is also a carnival of bang-up stunt scenes which Richard Rush presents with marvelous subtlety. They do not look like the finished product, but neither are they like raw footage; they have the half-polished air of a rough cut. Above all, there is Peter O'Toole, doing his John Huston imitation, but putting a lacy edging of the fey around it. Daring and hilarious, he perfectly sets the tone of this antic, artfully paced piece

For reasons best understood by the wee ones who make these decisions, *The Stunt Man* has languished on the shelf for more than a year, passed by all the major distributors. Now, it is being booked catch-as-catch-can across the country by its makers, and it deserves to be caught. It reminds one not so much of other movies



about moviemaking as it does of those blends of action and philosophy that the French intellectual adventurers used to put out. It may not be André Malraux, but it certainly is on the level of Romain Gary—and all the more remarkable and amusing for bearing a MADE IN U.S.A. stamp. —*By Richard Schickel*

Pugno Vinco

THE GREAT SANTINI
Directed and Written by Lewis John Carlino

Colonel Wilbur ("Bull") Meechum, U.S.M.C., is one of nature's hard cases. The Marine Corps runs, does not walk, through his veins. He is tough on his men, his family, himself. Everyone's back hairs stand at attention when Bull Meechum marches into the room. Once, in that great good war against Hitler, Bull was a genuine air ace with a heroic *nom de guerre:* the Great Santini. Now, in 1962, when only statesmen get to go eyeball to eyeball with the enemy, Bull finds himself out of meaningful work —orchestrating practice missions in the skies over Beaufort, S.C. He might as well be running the shooting-gallery concession at a penny arcade. So this "war hero without a war" brings his belligerence home. He can never rest, not even in the arms of his loving, combat-fatigued wife. His four children must be the best and the brightest, winning at sports and playing to an uneasy draw with him. They must be like him: his eldest son must some day *be* him. Life is a battleground, and fatherhood is the continuation of war by other means.

Robert Duvall in *The Great Santini*
A gung-ho dinosaur of a Marine colonel

The Great Santini is a movie of old-fashioned virtues. It takes its characters, and their place in American life, seriously. It presents the viewer with people he can take home with him, because they were always there. Lewis John Carlino has adapted Pat Conroy's novel without much cinematic grace, but the artlessness serves the subject and showcases three splendid performances: Blythe Danner as the willowy, resilient Lillian Meechum; Michael O'Keefe as 18-year-old Ben, his father's cross and joy; and, above all, Robert Duvall as the raging Bull—sacred monster, gung-ho dinosaur, one-man nuclear-family holocaust—who can do everything except express what he feels for the people he loves.

In this movie season of $30 million demolition derbies and feature-length promos for sound-track albums, *The Great Santini* had a hard time making itself heard. The film bivouacked in one town after another, opening to sympathetic reviews and closing to public indifference. Its distributor, Orion Pictures, sold the film to airlines and cable networks as a mild soporific for weary travelers and viewers. Doubtless, it was seen as nothing more than an up-scale TV movie, with its careful pacing, liberal humanism and "small" subject: the family. Now *Santini* has found an almost posthumous success in a Manhattan bijou. Critics helped lead the right audience to it: fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, young people who care to remember where they came from and what they might become. Bull Meechum lives again. He can finally rest in peace. —*By Richard Corliss*

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Romping Toward the Recordbooks

George Brett and the Royals are tearing up the opposition

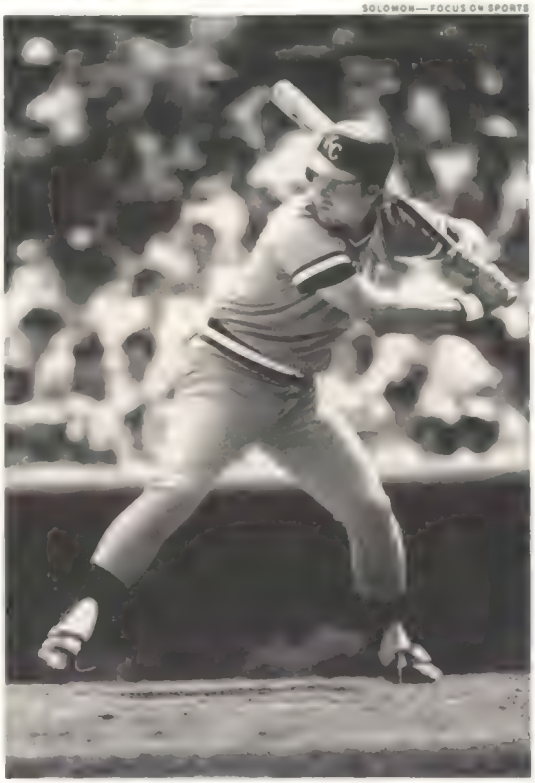
George Brett arrives at the ballpark hours earlier than most of his teammates, hanging around the clubhouse playing hearts while he waits for a quorum to form. Once enough playmates have arrived, Brett is first on the field, shagging flies in the outfield, playing pepper on the side, joking with fans in the stands, gamboling around the bases after he finishes his turn in the batting cage. "Young Willie Mays must have been like this," Reserve Kansas City Royals Utility Player Jamie Quirk once said of Brett. "To George, playing baseball is just plain fun."

For George Brett, 27, baseball has become more than fun. Not since Ted Williams' .406 season in 1941 has a hitter been so close to the elusive .400 mark this late in the season (as of last Friday, Brett's batting average was an eye-popping .402). To the Royals' fine young third baseman, the game is a romp, a rollicking ride toward the recordbooks. Since recapturing his form after an early season ankle injury, Brett has been on a batting tear that has lifted the Royals to the best record in baseball (78 games won, 44 losses) and a formidable 15½-game lead over the rest of the American League's Western Division. After the All-Star break in early July, shell-shocked pitchers watched him go on a 30-game hitting streak, hit safely in 39 of 41 games and compile a phenomenal .467 average for the period. He swings for singles, not for the fences, but in just 87 games has 91 runs batted in. With candor as refreshing as his playing style, Brett admits: "I keep telling myself that this can't go on, it has to end. It's like a dream. I hope I don't wake up."

Brett's dream is the nightmare of American League pitchers. Baltimore Orioles Pitcher Scott McGregor, a high school teammate of Brett's in El Segundo, Calif., suffered a typical fate during a recent match-up with him. Trying to protect a 1-run lead, McGregor gave up a bunt single. Brett stepped up. He nicked off five foul balls that were not quite to his liking. In between, he stepped out of the batter's box to talk to himself, a *sotto voce* monologue designed to keep up his confidence. "I'm hot," Brett informed himself, an assertion no pitcher would dispute. "I'm gonna get a hit."

At last came the pitch he wanted. Brett cocked his right knee back slightly, strode forward, then whipped the bat in a flat, smooth swing. The result: a screaming triple down the rightfield line and another RBI. Said McGregor: "I gave him some of my best stuff, but George kept hanging in there until he got the pitch he wanted."

The youngest of four sons, Brett grew up in long shadows. All three of his older brothers played baseball professionally. One of them, Ken, made the major leagues as a pitcher who could also hit. George recalls: "When I was playing high school ball, a lot of scouts would come to our games because the school had a reputation for producing good teams. The scouts were all the time being told, 'See that guy? That's Ken Brett's brother.' "



SOLOMON—FOCUS ON SPORTS

Kansas City's superstar takes aim on a .400 season

Between pitches, he vows: "I'm gonna get a hit."

George Brett's real batting success began when he met Batting Coach Charley Lau during his rookie season in 1974. Lau changed Brett's style from a power pull-hitter to a spray-the-field batting machine. Though he had never hit .300 in the minor leagues, Brett quickly developed impressive consistency. He won the batting title in 1976 with a .333 average and has an overall average of .310 for his seven years in the majors. Says Brett of his old coach: "I tried to be like Yaz, but I didn't have the strength, the quickness or the experience. Charlie got me to hold the bat parallel to the ground, to wait for the pitch and to hit to the opposite field. It used to be that the only time I hit a ball to leftfield was when I swung late." Says Royals Manager Jim Frey when asked what batting advice he gives to Brett: "I just say, 'Attaway to hit, George.' "

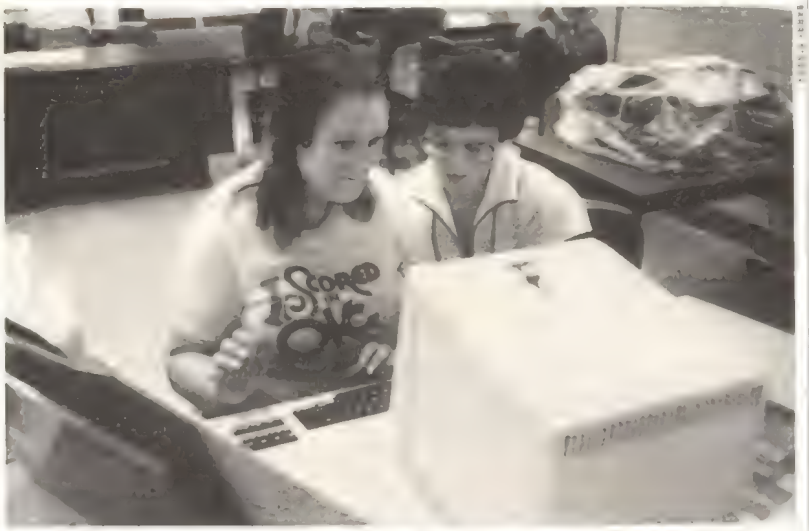
Those who thought that converting a slugger into a singles puncher was a waste of talent did not count on Brett's aggressive base running. Scattering infielders with bone-jarring slides, he has led the American League in triples three times. Says Brett: "I love to try to stretch hits. That's as much of a thrill as the hit itself."

His buccaneering style has cost Brett in injuries over the years. He even has a reserved room at Kansas City's St. Luke's Hospital. Says he: "Room 4430, that's my room. It's right by the nurses' desk. I think they want to keep an eye on me so I don't sneak out the side door." But only hospitalization can cramp Brett's style, off field as well as on. With a new $1 million-a-year contract and his lakeside house, Brett is Kansas City's reigning bachelor king.

With a lead of some 50 points in the race for the American League batting title, Brett stands a good chance to be this year's Most Valuable Player (his chief competition at this point: New York Yankee Slugger Reggie Jackson). In addition to his own achievements he is the Royals' indispensable spark. When Brett was out for 35 games, Kansas City barely kept going, winning 19 games and losing 16. Since Brett's return to the lineup, the Royals have won 31 and lost just 10.

The Royals' rout of the American League West has shored the confidence of a team that has played frustrated bridesmaid to the Yankees in recent years. Three times Kansas City reached the American League playoffs, only to be eliminated by their bitter rivals. This year, however, the Royals have solid pitching from Starter Larry Gura (17 wins, 5 losses) and Reliever Dan Quisenberry, who leads the league with 27 saves. Quisenberry got a few spring-training tips from Pittsburgh Pirate Kent Tekulve, master of the sidearm sinker. Now his pitches bear a marked resemblance to Tekulve's.

Eager to avenge their postseason swoons, the Royals look to their carefree superstar to extend autumn to the World Series. After all, October is the time when baseball really gets to be fun. ■



An inmate at Colorado Women's Correctional Facility, left, gets computer training

Doing Business Behind Bars

Many prisoners serve time productively and profitably too

Dan Morgan is a convicted kidnaper with little hope of leaving the maximum security prison at Stillwater, Minn., until the mid-'90s. During the early years of his sentence, he whiled away the days shuffling papers in an office and worrying about the financial plight of his disabled wife. Nowadays Morgan (not his real name) serves his time much more productively. Thanks to a 40-hour-a-week job as a computer programmer with a company set up inside prison walls, he has been able to buy a $50,000 house for his wife, and he sends home enough money to cover mortgage payments, taxes, electricity and telephone service.

Morgan is one of thousands of prisoners across the country who are engaged in useful and sometimes even profitable work. The range of jobs is wide, from assembling solar energy panels and setting type to milking cows and, in Colorado, building a new $6 million prison near Canon City. Convicts in Thomaston, Me., cannot keep up with demand for their sturdy hardwood furniture. A production line at Minnesota's Lino Lakes penitentiary repairs Toro Trimmer-Weeders, outperforming the company's own employees. Not all these employed prisoners are male: select inmates at the Colorado Women's Correctional Facility, for example, spend their days operating computers.

There is nothing new about prisoners doing some honest work. As long ago as the early 19th century, industry was seen as the inmate's ticket to moral redemption, and wardens were judged by their bottom lines. By 1828 Sing Sing claimed to be economically self-sufficient by virtue of stonecutting, blacksmithing and other activities. Private companies, however, sought to limit the competition from so much cheap labor. During the Depression, Congress came to the companies' aid by severely curtailing the right to sell prison-made goods across state lines. Work programs began to shut down. Many of those legal barriers remain, but prison industries are making a comeback for both sociological and financial reasons.

"The work has a therapeutic effect," says Ed Fox, head of Colorado's prison industry program. At the simplest level, it reduces boredom, and hence its by-product, violence. Adds Rodney Page, wood products manager at Thomaston: "The inmates are busy and have something to be proud of. They can help provide for their families and themselves. That's a lot."

Mixing cement for Canon City prison

An antidote to boredom and violence.

Many of today's programs are also designed to provide the rehabilitation that, in theory, is the purpose of the prison regimen. Convicts who may be accustomed to unemployment can learn to get up and go to work in the morning; some acquire skills that they can use after release to get steady jobs. All twelve of the ex-cons who worked for the computer company at Stillwater have parlayed their skills into similar jobs on the outside. In hopes of achieving comparable results, Massachusetts has closed down its flag-sewing operation in favor of a microfilm shop. Some experts caution that this approach can backfire. Jack Schaller, president of the American Institute of Criminal Justice in Philadelphia, maintains that ex-cons often do not want to pursue activities that remind them of their days behind bars. If a prisoner worked in the print shop, says Schaller, "the last thing he's going to do when he gets out on the street is have anything to do with printing."

Not all prison work is as lucrative as Dan Morgan's in Stillwater. Colorado pays its inmates up to $3.04 an hour, but a few states like Texas pay nothing, and the national average is a modest 20¢ to 30¢ an hour. Whatever their outlay, the states aim for a good return. It costs about $10,000 to house the average prisoner for a year, and with inmate population expanding and taxpayers' tolerance shrinking, legislators are loath to spend any more than they absolutely must to keep their penal systems going. Thus it is a boon when a state's prison industries can show an increase in sales like that in Massachusetts: from $200,000 in 1972 to $3.4 million last year. States can benefit in yet another way, by obtaining goods and services from their prisons and thereby reducing purchasing costs.

The future success of such projects depends in part on Washington. A major impetus has come from Free Venture, a program financed in seven states by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA). Now LEAA may fall victim to congressional budget cutting. Meantime Congress has at least directed LEAA to select seven test projects whose prison industries would be allowed to market their products beyond state lines. Sponsors hope this experiment will further the trend of private companies' subcontracting work to prison shops.

Many prisoners hope so too. Colorado convicts are so pleased to have an alternative to sitting in their cells that they put in 50-hour weeks repairing school buses. At Stillwater earlier this year, one inmate obtained parole but refused to leave; first he wanted to finish overhauling an engine.

—By Bennett H. Beach

Gotham's War of Tabloids

The sagging Daily News *mounts a mighty turn-around drive*

At the New York *Times's* sprawling headquarters on Manhattan's West 43rd Street, Executive Editor Abe Rosenthal gathered some top staff members to announce what he described as a "very good" development: "We're going to have some better competition here in New York City." Downtown, at the offices of the scrappy but financially hemorrhaging New York *Post*, Australian Publisher Rupert Murdoch was not quite so cheery. The competition's strategy, he declared bluntly, "is to get rid of us."

To both editors, the competition in question was the *Daily News*, Gotham's immense (circ. 1.6 million) but laboring morning tabloid. Last week the *News* launched a fat and handsome-looking new evening paper called *Tonight* (projected circulation: 300,000) as part of what promises to be the hardest fought press war the Big Apple has seen in years.

Michael O'Neill

At the very least, *Tonight* offers readers a needed alternative to the *Post*, which has used its once exclusive position as the only general afternoon daily in town to flaunt the Murdoch formula: skirting serious news while playing up sex, celebrity gossip and crime. The formula has paid some dividends; circulation is up 30,000 over the past year, to 654,000, though the *Post* still costs Murdoch an estimated $8 million a year in losses from an otherwise profitable empire that includes newspapers, magazines and airlines.

Tonight offers an ambitious mix of hard news stories, columns and features. One departure, for a tabloid, is ten pages of business news; the subject rates about half that in the *Post* and sometimes even less in the regular *News*, but *Tonight* is bidding for the commuter crowd that wants to read closing stock prices on the 5:24. Another indication that *News* Editor Michael O'Neill aims to outclass the *Post* is his choice of a boss for *Tonight*: Clay S. Felker, 51, the innovative founder of *New York* and *New West* magazines and former publisher of Manhattan's *Village Voice*, all of which Murdoch wrested from Felker's control in 1977.

For all his magazine experience, Felker is no stranger to New York newspapering. Before the old *World Journal Tribune* died in 1967, leaving the afternoon field to the *Post*, he was hired to help liven up the paper. Felker bridles at suggestions that he took the *Tonight* job so he could "zap Murdoch." He says he just wants to put out a solid afternoon paper "for people who have been in a news vacuum."

After word leaked out last June that the *News* was planning an afternoon edition, the *Post* counterattacked with an edition that rolls off the presses before dawn to compete with the *News* for early morning readers. But unlike *Tonight*, which is substantially different in hard news content from the morning edition, the *Post* remains virtually the same all day long, although the editors may change

The new edition's clean, cool front page

"For people . . . in a news vacuum."

headlines as many as six times throughout the day to perk up sales. And *Tonight* is only part of a $20 million investment that the *News* and its parent, Chicago's Tribune Co., are making in what *News* Publisher Robert Hunt calls "the most ambitious editorial-improvement plan in our 61-year history."

Over the past year the *News* has imported platoons of new staffers. Among them are Media Critic Ed Diamond, Boston *Globe* Pulitzer Prizewinner Bill Henry and the *Post's* red hot gossip columnist Claudia Cohen. The new *News* recruits are not only putting out *Tonight* but also preparing daily special-interest sections like those successfully pioneered in New York by the *Times* starting in 1976. The sections, including a "Getting Ahead" feature on Tuesdays (dealing with personal finance and career advancement) and a Friday "Sports Extra," will debut in September. O'Neill hopes that these innovations will help the *News* turn around a serious erosion in circulation. Largely because many of the *News's* traditional blue-collar readers have moved to the suburbs, daily circulation has slid by 500,000 since 1970. This year the paper lost its vaunted position as the nation's largest circulation daily to the *Wall Street Journal* (circ. 1.8 million). While the *News* is still profitable, it is especially vulnerable to a readership decline since it depends on newsstands for 80% of its circulation and now commands just 36% of the city's newspaper advertising, compared with the *Times's* 59%.

Though his efforts to change the *News* from a sensation-mongering tabloid into a relatively serious paper over the past decade have not stemmed the circulation slide, Editor O'Neill believes that the *News's* old reliance on mass circulation is "no longer valid." He plans to turn the News into a "full-service community newspaper" focused chiefly on prosperous residents of the city and its nearby suburbs—the kind of readers who could help the *News* attract more department-store advertising. The problem for the *News* will be to attract those "upscale" readers while still appealing to the average straphanger. *News* editors insist that they can maintain the necessary split personality. For example, they believe that *Tonight* will not cut into the morning *News* circulation, since most of the anticipated evening readers will be suburbanites who do not buy the morning paper anyway.

Clay Felker

If the *News's* strategy is successful, the paper could pull readers and ad dollars away from not only the *Post* but also the *Times* (daily circulation: 915,000). Though *Times* officials deny persistent rumors that they will launch an afternoon edition if *Tonight* takes off, they do admit to plans for various unspecified "innovations" in the paper this fall and winter. For the moment the *Times* seems preoccupied with other matters. The paper last week began printing in Chicago for distribution in nine Midwestern states, with home delivery in Cleveland, Cincinnati and Columbus, as well as the Windy City. Mindful of the drubbing they took in the early '60s, when an attempt to publish in California collapsed for lack of ads and readers, *Times* executives are insisting that their Midwest venture is just a delivery improvement, not the kickoff of a plan to go national. Nonetheless, around the *Times* shop the Chicago offshoot is described as a "national" edition, and is modified to de-emphasize parochial, New York–based stories. ■

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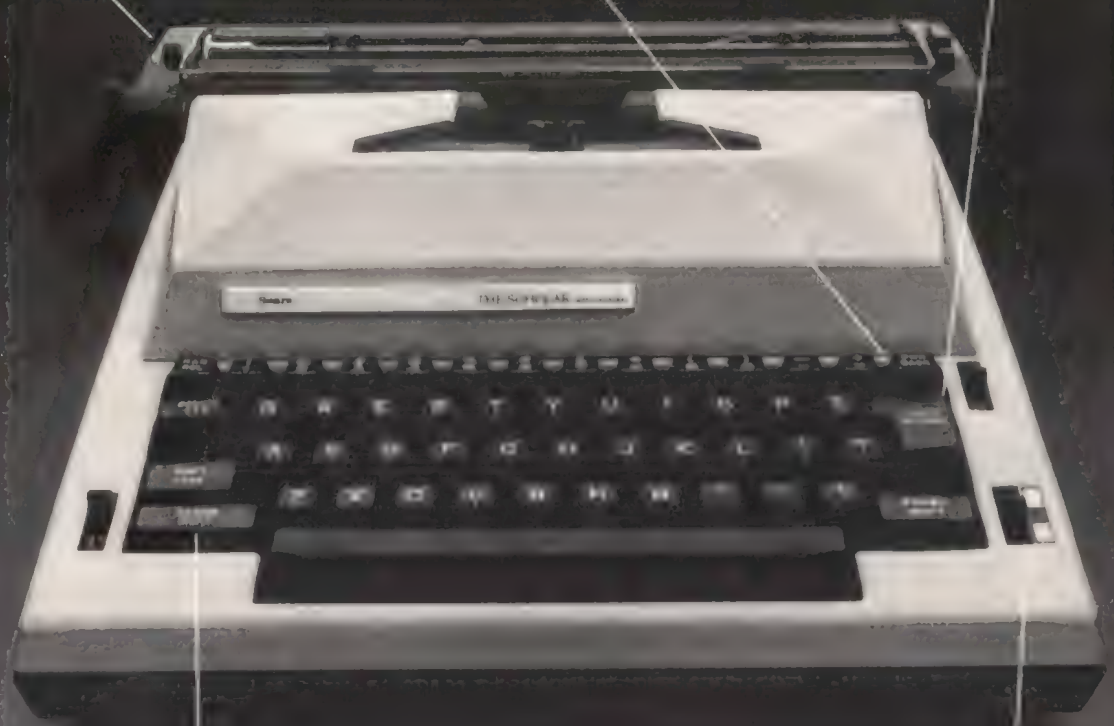

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People

Black Rose's mystery vocalist

Black Rose. That's how the opening act at concerts in six East Coast cities last week was billed. Some kind of new rock-'n'-roll group with a sultry chick singer who sounds . . . a little like **Cher.** Even looks a little like her, but not much. That ragged punk haircut, hardly any sequins and not one costume change. But by the time each hard-rocking set was half over, word had rippled back from the front rows to the poor souls clutching binoculars in the cheapest seats: the lead guitarist was former **Boz Scaggs** Musician **Les Dudek.** So? So Les is well known among rock groupies as the latest man in the life of the ex-wife of **Sonny Bono** and **Gregg Allman** and ex-love of **Gene Simmons** of **Kiss.** So? So, looks aside, the chick was indeed the Rambling Rose. Yup, it was Cher.

■

A little romance on location is a Hollywood tradition, but some of the actors filming *Savage Harvest* in Brazil just cannot keep their paws to themselves. The film, described by its star **Michelle Phillips,** 36, as "a jungle version of *Jaws*," features 18 lions, two black leopards, three hyenas and two spotted leopards as its supporting cats. To keep the kitties "playful," says Co-Producer **Ralph Helfer,** "they are not allowed to indulge in sex. What you see on the screen appears to be a lion attacking a person, but in reality it's just a big cat getting chummy." Leonine foreplay can be rough.

Sexy Zamba acts kittenish with lion-maned Co-Star Michelle Phillips

One extra was clawed. And **John Dawley,** who doubles for a character who is mauled to death, once thought that life was about to follow the script. Then he discovered Zamba the Lion's intentions: "He started to make love to me."

■

The ERA slipped from the platform, but among some Republicans, support is gaining. "**Tyne Mary Vance** is part of the family's growing feminist movement," proclaimed the former First Lady **Betty Ford** on her first official visit to her week-old granddaughter. "I hope she follows in her grandfather's footsteps and becomes President, but with any luck, she won't be the first woman to do so." Mama **Susan Ford Vance,** 23, wants Tyne Mary "to grow up in a world where she can be anything she wants to be." She might even emulate her dad **Chuck Vance,** 39, a former Secret Service agent who heads an executive security service. Betty has been helping Susan at the Vances' Fairfax, Va., home, where her second grandchild sleeps in a wicker heirloom. Its first occupant, **Gerald R. Ford,** plans to meet the young lady at her inaugural —er, christening.

■

At last, a memorial fit for the King. The 9½-ft.-tall, half-ton bronze of **Elvis Presley,** commissioned by the Memphis Development Foundation, was unveiled in the city's Elvis Presley Plaza last month in honor of the third anniversary of the rock hero's death. Pennsylvania Sculptor **Eric Parks** modeled his work both on photos of the Pelvis and the celebrated head of Hermes by Praxiteles. Parks also primed himself for the project by studying scores of books and video tapes of the singer and absorbing untold decibels of *Hound Dog* and *Jailhouse Rock*. Miniatures of the statue will be marketed in the future; meanwhile Parks is turning his chisel to another paean to Presley: a drooling hound dog fountain, with no known Greek antecedents.

—By Claudia Wallis

Grandma Betty and Ma and Pa Vance with the family's newest feminist

Worker primps Parks' *Presley*

Coping with a serious illness is worry enough. Thank goodness Betty doesn't have to cope with the bills.

142,000,000 Americans like Betty are protected from major medical expense.

No one who's stricken by major illness should be burdened by the medical bills.

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And even more Americans, almost 9 out of 10 these days, have private *basic* health insurance. With protection expanding to often include dental care, nursing care, in-home care, psychiatric care, and alcohol and drug abuse treatment.

If you'd like to know more, write for our free booklet *Major Medical Expense...Are You Ready for It?* The Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 22, 1850 K Street NW, Washington, DC 20006.

INFLATION AND HEALTH CARE COSTS

We're making progress in our efforts to bring inflation under control by trying to bring health care costs under control. For example, many health insurance policies now cover hospital pre-admission testing, in which routine X-rays and tests are performed before you enter the hospital. That means you could spend at least one day less in the hospital. And if every hospital stay were reduced one day, well over a billion dollars could be saved every year.

Other cost-saving ideas health insurance companies are using include coverage of second opinions for surgery, outpatient surgery, carefully checking the validity of medical fees and services, and the promotion of better health habits.

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Our goal is "good health care for everyone that everyone can afford." And we won't settle for less.

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Let's Keep Health Care Healthy

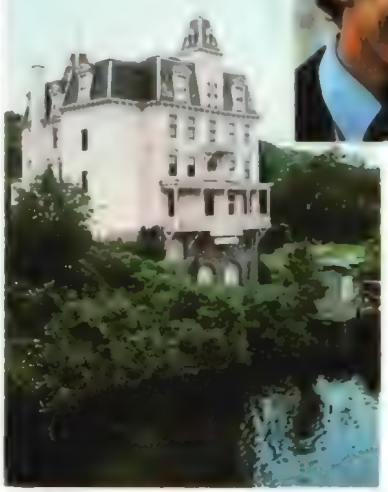
A pair of hits: Thomas Hulce cavorts with the chorus in *Little Johnny Jones*; a fashionable trio from *The Five O'Clock Girl*

Show Business

Where Great Musicals Are Reborn

The Goodspeed Opera gives its regards to Broadway

There is a song in the Goodspeed Opera House's smashing revival of George M. Cohan's *Little Johnny Jones* that invariably stops the show: *Give My Regards to Broadway*. Nearly everybody in the audience has heard the words and smiles in recognition. But to the people who run the Goodspeed, those lyrics might just as well be Scripture: for the past 17 years they have been giving their regards to Broadway by reviving the great musicals of yesterday and the day before —and by adding a few new shows to the list.



The theater and its director, Price

A time machine roaming the past.

The Opera House, a lovely Victorian fantasy that would look more at home on the Mississippi than the Connecticut River, has roamed the theatrical past like a Wurlitzer time machine. The oldest play it has brought back was John Philip Sousa's *El Capitan* (1896); the newest was *The Happy Time* (1968), which preceded *Little Johnny Jones* (1904) this season. "We are trying to build a national theater," says Executive Director Michael Price. "And we have chosen as our mission the American musical. We are not going to let those wonderful works just sit on the shelf."

The new shows that have come out of the Goodspeed are almost as impressive as the old ones that have gone into it. The *Man of La Mancha* first had his impossible dream there in 1965, and *Shenandoah* followed nine years later. *Annie* also got her start there in 1976, and four years later is still S.R.O. on Broadway. Wherever the orphan goes, she is still remembered fondly in her home town of East Haddam, Conn. The 1% of *Annie's* box-office gross that the Opera House retained covers a substantial part of its $325,000 yearly deficit. After *Johnny Jones* closes Sept. 13, the Goodspeed will open another original musical, *Zapata*, based on the life of the Mexican revolutionary. Any resemblance to the lucrative career of *Evita* has probably not gone unnoticed. "We are producing shows for the Goodspeed Opera House in East Haddam, and not for New York," Price says in a well-learned ritual. "But," he adds candidly, "we always hope."

Still, the company's real love is the past and those tuneful shows that they just don't seem to write any more. "Most of the new musicals are not melodic or inventive enough," complains Research Consultant Alfred Simon, who helps the Goodspeed pick its golden oldies. Simon, 72, who played piano for George Gershwin during rehearsals for *Of Thee I Sing* (1931), has seen almost every Broadway musical since the 1920s and every year prepares a list of half a dozen possible candidates. "I look for good tunes and reasonably good books," he says. "I also look for shows that haven't been brought back before. *Little Johnny Jones*, for instance, has never been revived professionally until now." Eventually the ebullient Price, 42, a self-described "benevolent dictator," makes the final decision.

Price knows that audiences have changed since 1904—or 1968 for that matter. The Goodspeed's plays are not exact reproductions, but approximations of the originals. For the first quarter of the century, the books of musicals, the stories that bind them together, were rudimentary. Modern audiences expect more of a plot, and the books have to be extensively rewritten, with dated jokes carefully excised. The editing has to be judicious, however, so that the show's spirit is retained. In *Johnny Jones*, for exam-

ple. Adapter Alfred Uhry wisely kept Cohan's quaint jingoism. "You think I'd marry an heiress and live off her money?" asks Johnny (Thomas Hulce), a jockey who is in love with one. "What do you take me for? An Englishman?" And: "French pastry ain't worth 30¢ compared to American apple pie."

Perhaps the major difference between then and now is choreography. Then there was none; today theatergoers would be dismayed by the static foot thumping of the first productions. "Dancers could not do then what we do now," says Dan Siretta, the company's choreographer. "We're doing something old, but we're also doing something new." For the second of *Johnny Jones*' show stoppers, *Yankee Doodle Boy*, Siretta used clog dancing, a style that was common in 1904 and looks a bit like flamenco dancing, with feet and legs moving up and down in one spot. He has widened the motions, adroitly using as much as he can of the Goodspeed's small stage.

Since Price arrived in 1968 to rescue the floundering Goodspeed, it has changed from a straw-hat company with a nine-week season to a national theater that stays lit 39 weeks. This year's season started April 6, and it will end Dec. 21 with a repeat of last year's hit, *The Five O'Clock Girl* (1927), a lightheaded romance about a rich polo player and a poor clerk in a dry cleaners.

In the twelve years he has been director, Price has educated his audience to his own wants. He expects punctuality, and latecomers are made aware of their transgressions by being kept from their seats until there is a proper pause onstage. He then demands that, barring illness or death, everyone stay for the last curtain call; there is no rude rushing for the exits as the actors are taking their bows, a bad but common practice in most other theaters. When he was younger, Price once pushed an early riser back into his seat; he almost got a black eye in return. Now he merely points to such people, imperiously commanding them to sit down from a distance. Those occasions are now rare, however, and Price often drives in from his home across the river to say goodbye to audiences at the bottom of the grand staircase, like a preacher at the door of his church. "It's as if I'm saying 'Welcome to my congregation,' " he explains. "And it is my congregation."

William H. Goodspeed, an entrepreneur and steamboat operator who built the theater in 1876 to outdo a rival farther upstream, would have admired Price's flamboyance and his ambition. "When you come to the Goodspeed, you are not just buying a ticket to a play," Price says. "You are coming to experience the American musical theater. What ends up onstage is light—we hope—but it has meant many hours of looking at hundreds of pieces of sheet music and listening to almost every show that has ever been recorded. It is a very serious business we are involved in." —*By Gerald Clarke*

Living

Britain's Guns of August

Grouse darting on the wing and sizzling on the platter

"If you could throw a net over the Highlands in August," wrote English Commentator Horace Cox in 1872, "you could catch nine-tenths of the genius and glory of Great Britain." The reason for this grandiose concentration in Scotland is the wily, toothsome red grouse, *Lagopus scoticus*, which exists only in the wild state and only in the United Kingdom (particularly on the heathery moors of the north). The grouse season opens on the "Glorious Twelfth" of August and lasts until Dec. 10. For marksmen, or "guns," as well as for gourmets, it is like a prolonged Thanksgiving.

The dun, darting birds (they fly at 60 m.p.h. or more) attract sportsmen from all over the world. Ounce for ounce, they are probably the most expensive and evasive targets on earth. To lease a house and a moor, to hire Land Rovers, retrievers, gamekeepers, beaters and expert loaders who keep the guns charged, can cost about $25,000 a week. Even a week's stay at a modest inn costs more than $4,000. Then there is the required costume: "plus twos" (knickerbockers), heavy woolen socks, cleated gum boots, a Husky weatherproofed coat and a snug tweed cap. The sportsman also needs evening clothes and funds for the native libation. And the gun must have his guns, preferably a pair of 12-gauge double-barreled sidelock ejectors from London's Purdey James & Sons or Holland & Holland. A shotgun costs as much as $22,500; gunsmiths report waiting lists of up to four years for their matchless weapons. Over most of the 3 million arid Highland acres, where *Lagopus scoticus* breeds and feeds, the birds are the only source of income for the lairds. The owners' expenses can be considerable. Since grouse exist only on tender heather shoots, the lands must be burned over once a year to provide new growth and must be patrolled constantly to protect the young birds from predatory varmints. Moreover, the castles and stately mansions have become horrifically expensive to heat and maintain. However many brace of birds (the British, like Noah, always count them by twos) they may shoot, the Guns of August are allowed to keep only a few a day for personal consumption. Most are shipped south to salivating diners.

Paratrooper landing with Highland birds

Sherlock Holmes preferred his own recipe.

The race to put the first birds on the table is frenetic. This Glorious Twelfth, the Onslow Arms in the Surrey suburb of West Clandon dispatched a helicopter to the Heriot moor south of Edinburgh, and 18 still warm grouse were rushed to a London-bound plane. At Heathrow Airport, a fleet of three Ferraris sped the precious consignment to a nearby heliport, where a trio of off-duty Red Devil paratroopers and two choppers were standing by. The Devils jumped into the restaurant's car park, where they were met by chefs in running shoes, who sprinted with the birds to preheated ovens. The cost: at least $10,000. Elapsed time between bag and bite: 3 hr. 14 min. To its chagrin, London's Ritz Hotel was beaten out when a Scottish fog grounded its grouse shuttle, a World War II Lysander aircraft.

The birds, which weigh about 16 oz. when plucked and readied for the oven, should not in fact be eaten within hours of decease. They should be "hung" for at least three days to bring out their uniquely gamy flavor. At London's incomparable Connaught Hotel dining room, they are served in classic fashion: roasted but bloody, in their own juice, with paté, bread sauce or gravy and potato crisps, preferably accompanied by a light claret "to tone them down a bit," as Connaught Headwaiter Joseph O'Toole puts it. (Sherlock Holmes preferred his grouse fried with bacon and served with currant jelly, gravy, browned potatoes and mushrooms.) A grouse luncheon at the Connaught costs about $58, sans claret. At dinner, the à la carte menu does not list the price. As with owning a yacht, if you have to ask the cost, you can't afford it. ■

The Decline of Editing

Or why are people asking whom's minding the store?

The book was No. 1—in everything but prose. *Thy Neighbor's Wife* may appeal to the prurient, the innocent and the curious, but it dismays anyone devoted to English. It hardly corrupts the reader's morals, as some critics have charged, but it may help corrupt his language. The work, eight years in the making, publicized like a space shot, high on the charts, frequently reads as if translated from the Albanian: "This was when Jim Buckley met Al Goldstein, whose spy piece he helped to edit, and whose expressed frustrations he not only identified with but saw as the compatible essence of a viable partnership—or at least some hedge against the probability that neither of them could ever make it alone."

The book is littered with grammatical outrage and wrong usage. "After completing high school in 1949, his sister wrote that she had arranged for him an appointment to Annapolis." It is of course the brother, not the sister, who completed high school in 1949. The same type of mistake sprouts throughout the text; one must finally conclude that the author does not know what a dangling modifier is.

Talese writes that "Bullaro would sometimes peddle alone for fifteen miles." But Bullaro is not selling something; he is a man pedaling a bicycle. The author repeats himself, achieving a sort of tautologous stammer: "What would prove to be decisive in her decision," or the "hearing would not be heard for at least another hour." Plurals and singulars confound him: "Men who noticed that their wives aroused other men became in many cases aroused by her themselves." He confuses *foreboding* with *forbearance*, uses *interfaith* for the opposite, intrafaith, and misapplies *who, whom, which* and *that* with abandon.

All this is particularly odd because, unlike many writers who make the talk-show circuit, Talese is an old pro. He earned his reputation with cleanly written magazine articles and *The Kingdom and the Power*, a bestselling dissection of the New York *Times*. His wife Nan Talese, a highly respected senior editor at Simon & Schuster, went over the manuscript before it was sent to Betty Prashker, a top editor at Doubleday, which publishes Talese. Prashker says that Talese was not thin-skinned about taking editorial advice, but adds enigmatically: "Grammar is not etched in marble." Perhaps not; neither should it be polymorphously perverse.

The anything-goes school of writing is exemplified by other recent bestsellers: Judith Krantz's *Princess Daisy*, Robert Ludlum's *The Bourne Identity*, Alvin Toffler's *The Third Wave* or Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong's *The Brethren*. Like Talese, Woodward and Armstrong are not only verbose but fond of dangling their modifiers and splitting their infinitives. Toffler specializes in hyperbolic jargon: "Vast changes in the techno-sphere and the info-sphere have converged to change the way we make goods. We are moving rapidly beyond traditional mass production to a sophisticated mix of mass and demassified products . . . made with wholistic, continuous-flow processes." Krantz goes for grand howlers: "Thank heaven they'd all be in their staterooms, intently adjusting their resort dinner clothes, caparisoned for the delectation of each other."

Not only the bestsellers offer lessons on how not to write. John Simon, sardonic critic and author of *Paradigms Lost: Reflections on Literacy and Its Decline*, notes that grammatical blunders are showing up more frequently even in the scholarly books of university presses. Most readers are sophisticated enough to know that the best writers suffer lapses. But readers are beginning to wonder why so many mistakes remain, like chiggers, in the texts. Who—definitely not whom—is minding the storehouse of language?

The answer: editors, who are, after authors, the most important figures in the literary world. They are also the most anonymous. Thirty-three years after his death, at 62, the most famous book editor remains Maxwell Perkins, the legendary guide of Hemingway, Fitzgerald and Thomas Wolfe. Today there are a handful of editorial celebrities: Knopf's Robert Gottlieb, an outstanding bookman, put the title *Catch-22* on Joseph Heller's first novel. Today he enjoys a recognition rarely found in publishing. Readers across the country know Michael Korda as the author of Power and *Charmed Lives* although few outside the business recognize him as editor in chief of Simon & Schuster. But the vast majority of editors are unknown and not very well paid. Editorial assistants usually start at about $200 a week, and a senior editor earns $30,000 to $40,000 a year.

A belly editor at work: "Forget the manuscript. Let's get to the menu and the contract"

Bookmen do not entirely agree on the current state of editing, but most concede there has been a decline in standards. Little, Brown's Genevieve Young theorizes: "Something really happened in the 1960s. People forgot how to spell, didn't recognize run-on sentences. I gather it was considered elitist to teach proper English in some places." Agrees Maron Waxman of Macmillan: "You get people coming out of top-rated schools who don't know how to put a sentence together. That's got to affect copy editing." Knopf's Gottlieb takes a more defensive view: "There has always been garbage. There happens to be a spate of it at the moment, but I don't know if you can blame editors in particular."

This cup of responsibility passes over desktops, lunch tables and beach blankets at the Hamptons, literary Manhattan's summer capital. The most frequently mentioned culprit is financial pressure. Business was rosy during the '60s, when the Federal Government poured money into textbooks, which indirectly supported publishers' general lists. The counterculture, the civil rights and antiwar move-

Illustrations for TIME by Charles Saxon

ments produced dozens of new writers, whose books were eagerly snapped up by affluent armchair guerrillas. Attracted by profit potential, conglomerates bought most of the major publishing houses, giving them much needed capital and managers who could read the bottom line.

Today the bottom line is in danger, and the harsh facts of economic life have become the rude facts of literary life. Inflation pushes up the cost of paper, printing and distribution; recession makes buyers think twice about purchasing a book for $12.95, almost three times the cost ten years ago. Adult trade book orders were down in 1979 to $831.1 million, from $940.5 million in 1978.

Critics of conglomerates argue, without conclusive evidence, that it is now harder to get serious, noncommercial books published. Yet excellent work is still published by conglomerate-owned houses, notably Knopf, a subsidiary of Random House, which in turn is owned by Newhouse Publications; badly written, poorly edited work still pours forth from privately owned houses —Doubleday, for example. A more justified complaint is that the huge bookstore chains, B. Dalton and Waldenbooks, give limited shelf space to titles with less than mass appeal.

The traditional view of publishing as a leisurely life, carried on in mahogany offices and posh restaurants, has been replaced by the harrowing vision of a rat race on a roulette table. With the literary agent acting as croupier, editors must frantically get their bets down on potential best-sellers. Says Viking's Alan Williams: "If Maxwell Perkins were around today, he wouldn't have time to be Maxwell Perkins. He would not be able to sit at Scribner's and have wonderful authors turn up in the morning mail. He would be out grubbing with the rest of us, cozening agents and trying to get onto books earlier and wondering how much money to bid." Adds Georges Borchardt, an agent whose clients include John Gardner, Stanley Elkin and Kate Millett: "The facilities offered by publishers to the artists have declined. Editors who would be capable of editing are not allowed to. They have people breathing down their backs, asking, 'Where is the new best-seller?' and 'Why are you spending so much time on this poor-selling author?' even though he may in time become another James Joyce."

There are, of course, various types of editors in the game. At one extreme are the acquisition editors—"belly editors," in trade jargon—who do their most important work at lunch. There the menu and the contract may get a more careful reading than the manuscript. Then there are the creative editors, who see their task as the finding and overall shaping of a manuscript. Finally, there are the pencil editors, who work line by line on messy or complex manuscripts (although that chore is often left to copyreaders).

All these tasks usually overlap. Most acquisition editors must be adept with the pencil as well as the fork. And they must not only coax a blocked author into action, but also negotiate with copyreaders, handle the details of jacket design and flap copy, and send galleys out to well-known writers in the hope they will respond with enthusiastic blurbs. Once such jobs are completed, editors must become in-house cheerleaders, urging their publicity, advertising and sales departments to make an extra effort on behalf of their books. The average editor is doing all this on at least a dozen books at a time. These are busy operatives with a built-in dilemma. Houghton Mifflin's Jonathan Galassi sees the editor as a double agent. "With the writer, he is collaborator, psychiatrist, confessor and amanuensis; in the publishing house, he must be politician, diplomat, mediator."

The pressure on the publishing assembly line is increasing. Trendy books on jogging, herbal medicine and biofeedback must be out by the cash register before the next craze sends them to the remaindered pile. Novels with big advances behind them have to be whizzed through so the publisher can get back his investment. The results are faster production deadlines and more work for fewer people. Says Putnam Editor Faith Sale: "Books on tight schedules are proofread in hunks by different people, and in some cases copy editing is done the same way." This may not affect grammar and spelling, but it can create inconsistencies: a character who enters a room wearing a blue dress and leaves wearing a red one.

In such a frenzied atmosphere, the word *book* may give way in favor of *project, package, hot property* and *blockbuster*. Even editors of noncommercial novels and belles-lettres feel the pressures to score with a Merv missile, a work that will get its author on a TV talk show, the most powerful selling medium of all. Smaller implements, like sharp blue pencils, are often disregarded.

Devotees of Strunk's *Elements of Style* may still keep the faith that good prose is not only clear but also concise. The trouble is that prolixity pays. Publishers can charge more for fat books. Says Journalist John McPhee, whose work has the finish of fine carpentry: "There are a lot of books around that smell of the tape recorder. Writing is so difficult that if a writer is looking at words on paper, say the transcript of a tape recording, it's damn difficult to resist them. So a lot of books go on too long because he recorded too much."

For this sin, as for other literary offenses, writers should bear the most blame. Editors who are criticized for poor books frequently reply, "You should have seen the first draft." Sometimes untold hours are spent just to make the semiliterate printable. Editors may hold back because cutting an author's prose means nicking a famous ego. It is a matter of author awe. Confesses Little, Brown's Young: "There is more hesitation about messing around with prose when you have a writer like Norman Mailer, Gay Talese, Herman Wouk, or a great man in another field like Henry Kissinger. I have a tendency to suggest things mildly, and if he doesn't listen I let it go." TIME asked a sampling of writers, editors and agents to name recent books that needed more editing. High on their lists were William Styron's *Sophie's Choice*, Mailer's *Executioner's Song*, Heller's *Good as Gold*, David Halberstam's *The Powers That Be* and, of course, Talese's book.

Self-regard can be even more rampant among newly successful writers who view their own crudities as an inviolate form of personal expression. But veteran best-selling Novelist Irving Wallace says: "Publishing houses bid now for books at auctions, and they often spend $1 million or $2 million for a book. The result is often unfortunate: words an author has

The pencil editor: "If Maxwell Perkins were around, he would not have time to be Perkins"

written tend to become frozen on the tablet. I have heard friends say, 'Why should I change anything in my book? Look what they paid for it; it must be good!' "

Despite all these pressures, not every editor is too harried, and not every author is resistant to suggestions and demands. Here are two stories of good editors whose efforts resulted in good books:

Jonathan Coleman, 28, is the youngest senior editor at Simon & Schuster. The newly published *Changing of the Guard* is his project. He arrived at the firm three years ago, after working at Knopf as a $220-a-week publicist. During that time, he had met David Broder, the Washington *Post* journalist.

Coleman's interest began after he read a newspaper series that Broder had written about Congressmen who had been elected for the first time after Watergate. The editor got the columnist to talk about how these new faces in Washington differed in background and interests from their older colleagues. The more Broder talked, the more Coleman was convinced he had the makings of a book.

Simon & Schuster's editorial board thought so too. They gave Broder a $40,000 advance on the basis of an eight-page outline covered by a rousing memo from Coleman. The editor's immediate problems: the book had to be ready for the 1980 presidential elections, and Broder had to meet the deadline while holding his time-consuming job as a journalist. Coleman kept the pressure on with phone calls every week. Chapters and suggestions circulated through the mails, and an entire draft was completed just after Labor Day, 1979. Coleman read it and a few weeks later checked into Washington's Jefferson Hotel, where for a week of 18-hour days he and Broder went over the manuscript line by line. "His fingerprints are on every damn sentence," says the columnist with appreciation. "This book is as much Jonathan Coleman's as it is mine."

The less visible prints on the 884-page manuscript belong to Lynn Chalmers, one of twelve staff copy editors at Simon & Schuster. It normally takes about a month to copyread a book, but Chalmers completed the job in two weeks. She corrected punctuation, broke long segments into paragraphs, and checked facts. Inconsistencies were flagged on strips of pink paper and attached to the offending pages.

Michael di Capua, 42, is among the most respected literary editors in the business. For the past 14 years he has been with Farrar, Straus and Giroux, one of the last major independent houses in New York, where things do not appear to be as rushed as at other firms. Its authors include Isaac Bashevis Singer, Philip Roth, Tom Wolfe and Susan Sontag. Di Capua has edited such acclaimed writers as Larry Woiwode and Michael Arlen. A major project now is the result of one man's highly unusual childhood. *Twelve Years: An American Boyhood in East Germany* is a forthcoming memoir by Joel Agee, son of the late film critic and novelist James Agee. In 1941, Agee and his wife Alma divorced. She took Joel, then a year old, to live in Mexico, where she met and married Bodo Uhse, a Communist novelist and fugitive from Nazism. After the war the family went to East Germany, where Joel lived for twelve years.

Di Capua's acquisition technique was quite different from Coleman's go-go methods. In 1975, the Farrar, Straus editor read Agee's article-length account of his East German childhood in *The New Yorker*. Recalls Di Capua: "I thought, 'I've got to do something about this.' I tore it out and put it in a pile of things to do. But all editors are overworked and I never got to it."

Agent Claire Smith of the Harold Ober agency rekindled Di Capua's interest about a year later. He received a fast O.K. from his editorial board and a $5,000 advance for his new author. Says the editor: "We don't write memos. Who has time? Basically we say to each other, 'I've got this and I think it's great,' or 'I've got this thing by a big name but I think it's awful, and I'm going to turn it down unless someone objects.' "

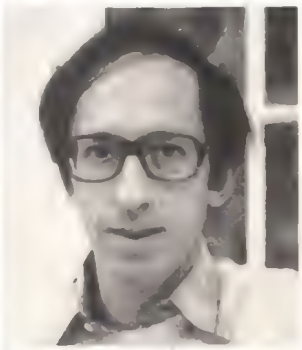
Agee went off to write at his own pace. When the manuscript arrived last summer, the editor began his real work. He and Agee sat down and went over every paragraph. Explains Di Capua: "My method is to read a book over and over again at every stage until there is nothing that bothers me and I can read it through without stopping." For Agee, the experience marked that point where the craft of editing becomes an art: "Di Capua felt himself into my intentions. At no point did I have the feeling that he was imposing himself into the work."

Examples like these are heartening, but there are still too many books that prompt people like Di Capua to wonder what ever happened to good writing. Literacy continues in its parlous state. Standards decline as the difference between the formalities of written language and the informalities of the spoken word blur. Schools neglect the rigors of grammar, and the last generation that can parse a sentence is dying off.

The world is full of tempting distractions: travel, entertainments, sports, the pervasive din of popular music. People read less decent prose and watch and listen to more TV. When Howard Cosell says *commentation* for *comment*, he is heard by millions of Americans who may not know the difference. The word could become a neologism, like *profitability* and *futurability*, and seep into the language. The fight against the misuse of "hopefully" (for "I hope") is just about lost, and even otherwise literate people keep speaking of the "media" in the singular.

Linguists may argue that English has grown in just this way. Purists grumble about pollution of the mother tongue. The dispute has raged ever since Shakespeare's pedant Holofernes railed against the "rackers of orthography" in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Dr. Johnson's and Mr. Webster's dictionaries have spurred sharp debate. But the disputants have usually known their grammar; they were aware of the necessity for rules. Proper usage matters because writing is thought and clear writing is essential for clear thinking.

Editors must keep this faith even though few will appreciate their efforts. As Critic Dwight Macdonald wrote nearly 20 years ago: "If nine-tenths of the citizens of the United States, including a recent President, were to use *inviduous*, the one-tenth who clung to *invidious* would still be right, and they would be doing a favor to the majority if they continued to maintain the point." —*By R.Z. Sheppard. Reported by John M. Scott and Janice C. Simpson/New York*



Robert Gottlieb

Michael di Capua

Jonathan Coleman

Jonathan Galassi

Publishing's double agents: "With the writer, a collaborator, confessor and amanuensis, but also a politician, diplomat, mediator."

Small Town, U.S.A.: Growing and Groaning

The flight from the cities, though it continues, is pretty old news. Only recently, however, has it become clear where that exodus has been heading. The nation long assumed that the cities' lost population was piling up mostly in the suburbs and urban fringes. Not so. In a marked reversal of U.S. migration patterns, nonmetropolitan areas have started growing faster than metropolitan ones. This demographic turnabout may have many meanings, but one is already clear: the small town in America is once again on the rise.

New census figures that will confirm the shrinkage or stagnation of many cities will also undoubtedly show small town America growing at a faster rate than the country as a whole. The trend first became apparent in the earlier half of the past decade. While the national population increased 4.8% from 1970 to 1975, towns of 2,500 to 25,000 rose 7.5%, and the smallest towns, those with populations under 2,500, jumped by 8.7%, nearly double the national rate.

JOHN ZIMMERMAN

Ipswich, Mass.: the old, familiar dream of community

The new migration has surprised demographers, but it can hardly astonish anyone familiar with U.S. attitudes toward urban existence. Americans have always preferred smaller communities, and did so even during the years when the nation seemed bent on emptying its entire population into metropolitan clots. Surveys have consistently shown that a majority of the people, including almost 4 out of 10 big city dwellers, were partial to a life outside the metropolis. Some leaned to the suburbs and others to more rural vistas. But the biggest single dream remained the small town. Now, when more and more are moving to fulfill that dream, is a suitable time to reflect on what they are getting.

The small town as an ideal is familiar. The very notion, as though invented by Norman Rockwell, has always carried with it images of low-key living, easy friendships, neighborly neighbors, front-porch sociability, back-fence congeniality, downtown camaraderie. Small town—the phrase evokes an intimate sense of community, leafy serenity, free of the sinister strangers who menace the cold, grimy canyons of the city. U.S. literature has abounded with ugly portraits of small towns like Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*, but the wistful ideal has survived. Americans have always been readier to be pierced by the human loveliness of *Our Town* than convinced by the grotesqueries of *Winesburg, Ohio*.

The small towns of American reality have been stunningly varied, as Richard Lingeman makes definitively clear in his new history, *Small Town America*. Lingeman stalks the dream and the reality from colonial days to the present, from Town Builder William Penn's hope for "a green country town, which will never be burnt, and always be wholesome" to the prepackaged sterility of some of today's contrived "new towns." Factory towns, farm towns, railroad towns, cow towns, mining towns, all march through his book. "New England towns with white churches and elm-arched streets . . . fugitive transient towns with their tacked-on names and mayfly lives." The aspirations and disappointments of little American towns have come and gone in rich diversity, too, but every town, as Lingeman says, has represented one more of the many "permutations the dream of community has undergone."

America thus knows the small town to be many things. Yet today, given the morbid problems of the cities —the incessant shriek of crisis, the hovering buzzards of bankruptcy, the noise, the crowds, the filth, the violence, the fear—it is easy to imagine that the small town offers, no matter what else, an escape from all that. But does it really?

The answer is a mixed one. The typical small town is free of the city's unruly ambience but not of its nagging problems. Small towns, just like the cities, struggle constantly with tight budgets and pressing needs that keep rising faster than revenues. "In little bitty towns," says Frederic Cooper, program manager of the Mississippi Institute for Small Towns, "the entire budget might go to pay the policeman and the light bill at the town hall." Downtown decay is commonplace in small town America, as are shortages of housing, medical service, diversions for the young and suitable settings for the lonely aged. It is a rare small town that is not afflicted by poverty; 38% of the black inhabitants of small towns live below the poverty line. Then, too, it is only an unusual small town that does not have a dilapidated neighborhood to which the citified word slum might be applied. Says Anthropologist Clayton Denman of Central Washington University, founder and head of the Small Towns Institute at Ellensburg, Wash.: "Small towns are facing problems that are much the same as the cities' problems, except for scale."

No wonder. The self-contained, self-sufficient small town has vanished with the ascendance, in the U.S., of an increasingly singular technological economy from which the entire nation is suspended. By the 1920s the small town was rightly called a "ganglion" of the city, and it is even more intricately tied today to the larger society in which culture flies everywhere by television. Small towns, in short, are racked by some of the same strains that beset the cities.

The migration of people and economic shifts, if they are the fundamental sources of such strains, are also the sources of equally difficult but opposite problems. While many small towns are frantically trying to get more industry or keep what they have, others are groaning under the problem of providing services for the additional people who come in with new industry. Just recently, Colorado's Governor Richard D. Lamm complained that the energy boom was bringing some of his small towns more prosperity than they could afford. Wrote Lamm: "Craig, Rifle, Meeker—towns that have existed on a stable agricultural base for 100 years—are doubling every two years, every three years. With that growth comes every social pathology; when Rifle doubles in size, juvenile delinquency increases three times; the alcoholism rate increases four times; displaced homemakers increase 4.5 times. The immediate costs are immense, the long-term benefit

doubtful." It is no wonder that some little communities, as Mayor Byron Farwell of Hillsboro, Va. (pop. 135) points out in the journal *Small Town*, "struggle to stay small."

If such problems are not widely familiar, it is only because they have long been drowned out by the louder outcry of the cities over kindred troubles. Small Town, U.S.A., is in fact likely to be heard from more and more in coming years. In the past decade, through such channels as the National Association of Towns and Townships and the Congressional Rural Caucus, small towns have begun voicing a more concerted plea for federal assistance. By last December they had prodded the White House, long obsessed with city problems, into issuing for the first time a formal policy on small community and rural development. That act represented, whatever else, official recognition that small town America is far from idyllic.

CARL IWASAKI

Eldorado, Kans.: the small-town ideal survives all ugly portraits

Little towns do, of course, offer their own special allure. A small community of any one of the wide variety provides a setting for life that is profoundly distinct from the hectic atmosphere of the metropolis. The sense of warm, intimate community may not be universal in small town America, yet it can be found. Writer Lael Wertenbaker, 71, has discovered just that in Nelson, N.H. (pop. 550). She likes Nelson for many reasons, including the fact that "in winter people know who's pregnant, and the snowplow gets there first." U.S. Representative Wes Watkins of Ada, Okla. (pop. 17,000), chairman of the Rural Caucus, is not being merely windy when he says, "People in small towns are not numbers."

To grow up in a small town is to have not a number but a name and rank that are known to everybody, and a history too. It is to understand not how Edgar Lee Masters wrote *Spoon River Anthology*, but how he got his material, how he came to know the secret lives of so many so well. A small town rearing consists, by and large, of getting to know and to be known by everybody, and to feel that intimate communal familiarity as both affectionate support and unrelenting intrusion; the flight from intimacy to the city's anonymity has often been impelled primarily by a craving for privacy. The bonding that occurs when one's very history is community property is formidable and, to certain temperaments, oppressive. It is that bonding, that sense of utterly being of and belonging to a place, that makes most true small-towners more suspicious than city folk of strangers.

The small town, then, is one thing to the inhabitants who have a sense of having always been there. The town can seem quite something else to someone who is just coming in. The natives, the oldtimers, are far more likely to be polite than warmly hospitable to new arrivals. Actually, many newcomers find themselves newcomers for years. Two years in New Buffalo, Mich. (pop. 2,700), out of Chicago, Newspaperman Robert Zonka says that the only new close friendship he has developed is with another couple from Chicago. Still, new migrants to small towns are likely to find, if only in the lowered risk of being stabbed in a subway, the different "quality of life" that most say they have sought.

Though the new migration represents a significant, probably healthy, readjustment of the nation's population pattern, it hardly presages an eclipse of the cities. The hyperkinetic metropolis, by sheer energy and the density of its cultural and economic shadow, will continue to dominate American consciousness and style. Yet the small town will always haunt and invite the American mind as both memory and metaphor. Small towns, after all, have abundantly provided much of the cast for the vibrant drama of city life. There will always be many a putative urbanite who inhabits the city in fact but a small town in his heart.

Thorstein Veblen considered the country town perhaps the greatest of all American institutions simply because it had, he wrote in 1923, "a greater part than any other in shaping public sentiment and giving character to American culture." Has the small town's historic hegemony in the American psyche appreciably dwindled in the subsequent 57 years? Who would care to answer yes at a moment when the national pre-eminence of a native son of Plains, Ga. (pop. 683), is seriously challenged only by the vaulting ambition of a native son of Tampico, Ill. (pop. 838)?

—By Frank Trippett

Milestones

BORN. To **David Halberstam,** 46, Pulitzer-prizewinning Viet Nam correspondent for the New York *Times* and bestselling author of *The Best and the Brightest* and *The Powers That Be*, and his second wife, **Jean Sandness Butler,** 33, former *Times* style-section reporter: a daughter, their first child; in New York City. Name: Julia Sandness. Weight: 7 lbs. 14 oz.

DIVORCED. Anita Bryant, 40, singer and Florida orange juice pitchwoman, who crusaded against homosexuals' civil rights and decried "disintegration of the American family"; and **Bob Green,** onetime disc jockey and her former manager; after 20 years of marriage, four children; in Miami. Bryant has the children, aged 10 to 16. "I failed as a wife," says she. "I don't want to fail as a mother."

DIED. James B. Longley, 56, maverick insurance millionaire who, in 1974, was elected Governor of Maine as an independent; of cancer; in Lewiston. Longley vowed to hold down state spending and not to seek a second term. He kept both promises, halving unemployment, funneling a $40 million state surplus into tax rebates and stepping down last year.

DIED. William J. Sebald, 78, who as political adviser to General Douglas MacArthur in postwar Japan played a leading role in repatriating more than 500,000 Japanese prisoners of war and later served as Ambassador to Burma and Australia; of emphysema; in Naples, Fla.

DIED. James S. McDonnell, 81, founder and chairman of McDonnell Aircraft, which, through a 1967 merger, became McDonnell Douglas, one of the nation's largest defense contractors; following a stroke; in St. Louis. "Old Mac," who called himself a "practicing Scotsman," guided his firm in the 1950s and '60s to manufacture the Mercury and Gemini Space Capsules and F-4 Phantom II fighters used in Viet Nam. In the late 1970s, however, design flaws in the Douglas group's DC-10 commercial jets were blamed for several crashes, precipitating lawsuits and costly losses of civilian and military contracts.

DIED. Otto Frank, 91, father of Anne Frank and sole survivor of the family whose two-year hideout from the Nazis in a Dutch attic during World War II was so poignantly recorded in his daughter's world-famous diary; in Basel, Switzerland. Only Frank survived the family's concentration camp imprisonment. In later years he founded the Anne Frank Foundation, which reconstructed the family's hideaway as a museum and converted the rest of the building into an international youth center.

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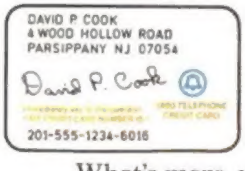

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